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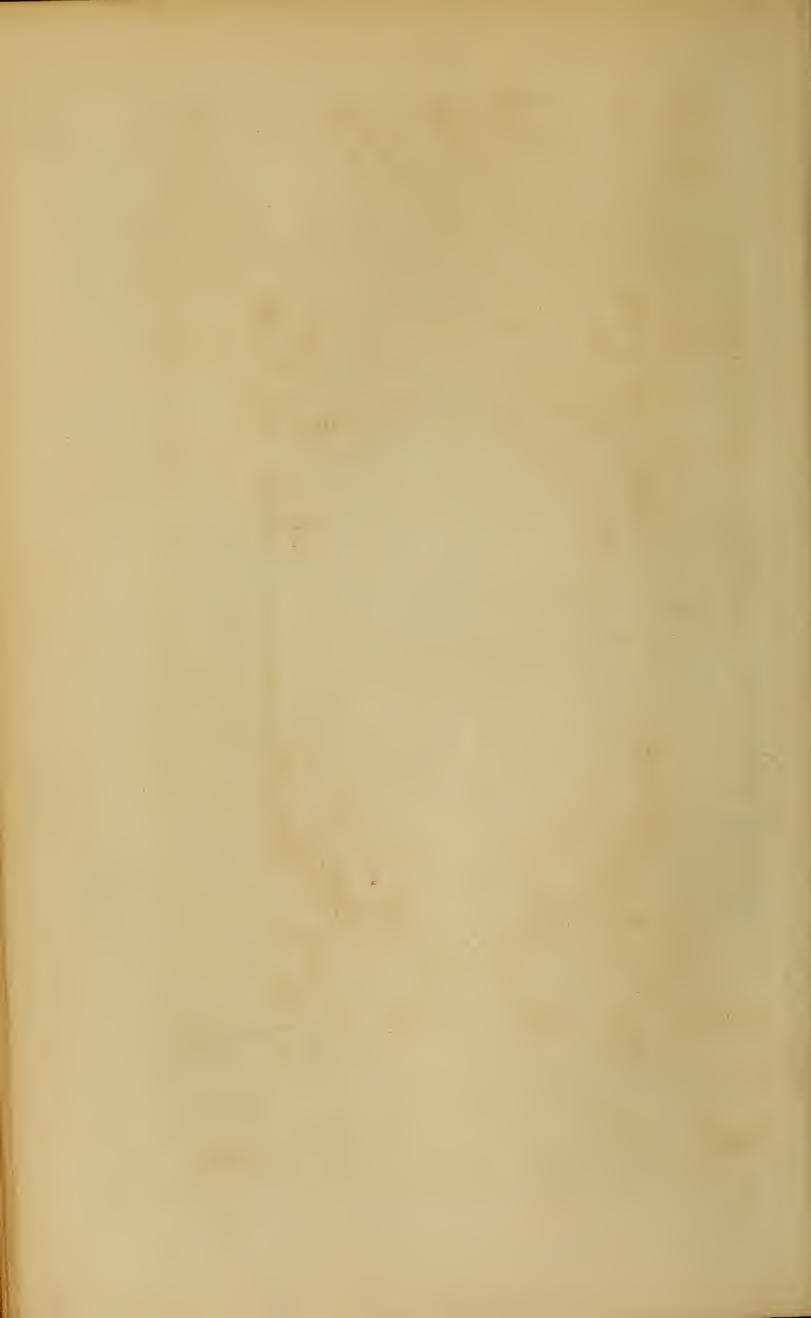


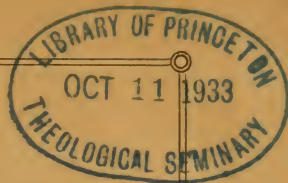




W. SHARP & C^o CHRO^oLITH BOSTON

H. H. MUSSEY
BOSTON





✓
S A C R E D

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:

BY

✓
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

B O S T O N :

BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY AND CO.

NO. 29 CORNHILL.

1848.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846,

By WILLIAM B. TAPPAN,

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at Grotonville, Mass*

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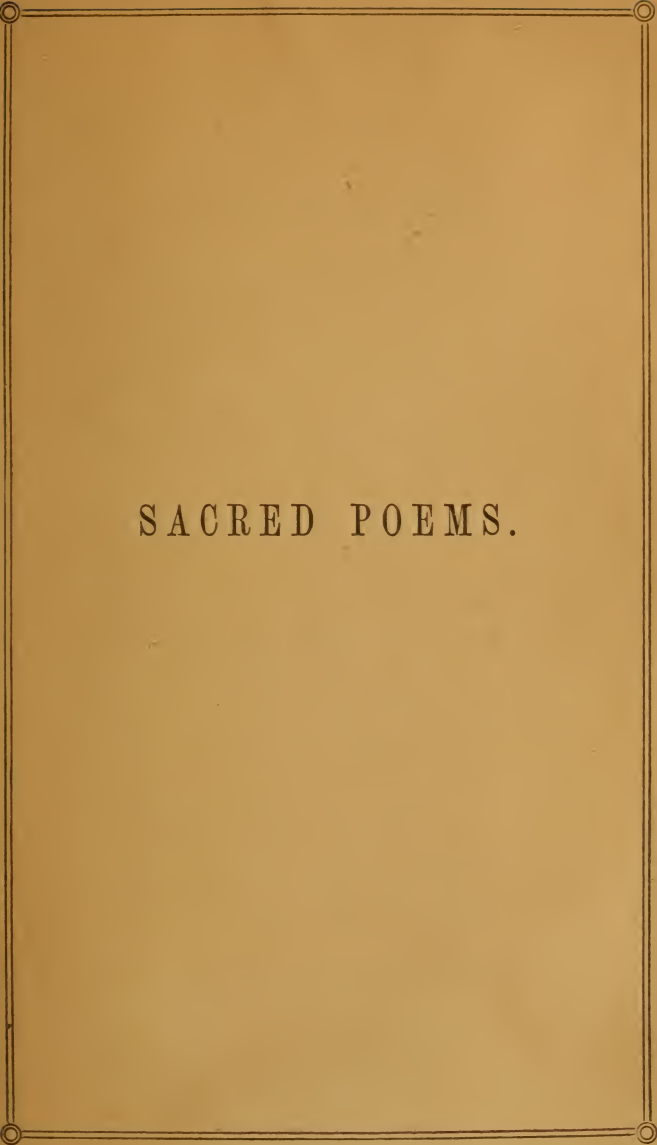
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This volume is the second of a series, comprising my revised Poems; of which, "POETRY OF THE HEART," published a year since, is the first.



SACRED POEMS.



SACRED POEMS.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.¹

Set to Music by A. P. Heinrich.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed —
A balm for every wounded breast —
'T is found alone in Heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even —
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in Heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — 't is Heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ; —
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in Heaven.

(2)

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ; ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom' ✠
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of Heaven.

WAKE, ISLES OF THE SOUTH!

Written November, 1819, on occasion of the departure from the United States of the first Missionary band for the Sandwich Islands.

WAKE, Isles of the South ! your redemption is near ;
No longer repose on the borders of gloom ;
The Strength of His chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

The billows that gird ye, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play when the ocean-storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

On the Islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The Morning will open with healing and light,
The glad Star of Bethlehem will usher the Day.

The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was offered in blood,
The Priest of Melchizedec there shall atone,
And the shrines of Hawaii be sacred to God !

The heathen will hasten to welcome the time
The day-spring the prophet in vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah shall gladden each clime,
And the Isles of the Ocean shall wait for his law.

And thou, OBOOKIAH! now sainted above,
Wilt rejoice as the heralds their mission disclose;
And the prayer will be heard, that the land thou didst love
May blossom as Sharon, and bud as the Rose!

“MARY! — RABBONI!”

John xx. 16.

SHE turned her from the empty cell,
Where late the Prince of Glory lay;
A shadow on her spirit fell, —
Her Lord was borne away.
“If thou hast spoiled the tomb,
And for its new-born light
Hast left the pall of ancient gloom,
O wanderer of the night —
Tell me!”

He looked into her earnest eyes,
Where lately shone Hope's dazzling dew;
Her lips, of the carnation dyes,
Now of the lily's hue,
He saw were quivering with dismay.
One word could light those eyes again,
And banish every grief away;

One word bring back the lips' sweet red,
One word restore the dead,
And pleasure substitute for pain ;
'T was music when he spake it :
" MARY ! "

She turned herself — and from that face
Of beauty every care was fled,
And in its stead
Was much of grace,
And something meekly proud.
As look our skies, when midnight's cloud
Is chased, and they are overspread
With morning's early blush, so she,
The spirit of young Piety,
Divinely looked, when answering
" RABBONI ! "

THE WAY.

How sweet, beneath the Cross,
At once, subdued, to lie ;
Soon as I feel my loss,
To find my gain is nigh ;
Without the prelude of alarms,
To fall into my Saviour's arms.

How blest, impelled by gales
Of Love, the port to win ;

Never to furl the sails,
Till safely moored within.
To anchor in the sheltered bay,
Without one tempest by the way !

A few reach Canaan's land,
Nor meet a single blast ;
They sing with Victory's band,
But not of perils past.
No lions on their pathway wait,
No " slough," hard by the " wicket gate."

O, such was not *my* course,
When groping for the light ;
Waves moaned and winds were hoarse,
And bitter was the night.
Across a gulf my vessel flew,
To halcyon Hope I bade adieu.

Storms rose and swept the deck,
The flying sails were rent ;
And I, a helpless wreck,
O'er dreadful seas was sent ;
A feather by the tempest tost, —
O, no ! — a spirit well nigh lost.

I plucked a way-side staff, —
'T was but a broken reed ;
I rallied song and laugh, —
They failed me at my need.
Ambition, Pleasure, Riches, Care ; —
They all resigned me to Despair.

Till, to my utmost need,
The Heavenly Leader came ;
I knew him — for my deed
Had put him, once, to shame.
What said He? — to my passions, “Cease!”
And straight my troubled soul had peace.

Methinks, my final song, —
Final, yet ending never, —
Will cheerful praise prolong,
To my dear Lord forever :
Who, when I such hard passage trod,
My feet with full deliverance shod.

THE ELECT.

QUESTION.

ELECT OF GOD! and who is he?
What path by him is trod,
Shut up to few, to all men free,
Where throug the Elect of God?
Unriddle ye the maze, who can ;
The mystery explore
For me, a weary, wildered man,
Who longs to find the door.

ANSWER.

Elect of God! — he who repents ;
Reforms, without, within ;

Who loathes all evil thoughts, intents,
And every darling sin ;
Hating his lusts and loving Christ,
He unawares hath trod
The happy path to peace unpriced ;
He is Elect of God.

QUESTION.

But what, if wandering far from home,
A beggar in his woe,
He chooses, though rebuked, to roam
As rebels love to go ;
What if sin-wrecked and idly tost
By every wind and wave,
He joins the innumerable lost
Whose voyage is to the grave ?

ANSWER.

Still, if he turns, with suppliant knee —
Though viler never trod
This earth — by HIM who stained the tree,
That Man's Elect of God !
And God will find him, though he dwell
Where darkness hath its seat, —
Will reach him, though the waves of hell
Were surging at his feet.

QUESTION.

Yet what, if, having tasted bliss
Unspeakable, he goes
Away from Christ, and with a kiss
Betrays him to his foes ?

Is he, who takes the Bread and Wine,
And takes the price of blood,
Yea, gloats upon that silver's shine,
Indeed, Elect of God?

ANSWER.

Thou art the man! — what hast thou done!
Say, wretch, for which of all
His gifts, thy treason, that hath won
For thee such dreadful fall?
Yet turn thee! turn thee! WONDROUS LOVE,
Though thou the depths hast trod,
If thou repent, will lift above
Thy sin, the Elect of God.

REPENTANCE.

CHILD of earth and heaven, Repentance!
Of our solemn joys a part,
Riddle to the rebel bosom,
Solved by every lowly heart, —

Thou, the moment I beheld thee,
Wast a *fiend* to my despair;
Presently, in clearer vision,
Wast a Seraph, passing fair.

Then I loved thee, then embraced thee,
Then I tasted bliss divine;

Talk they of superior pleasures?
Angels might have envied mine.

Happy angels, with their harpings,
Standing on the crystal floor,
Never knew his blessèd sorrow,
Who, forgiven, loves the more.

Darkened Earth, a wandering planet
From its Centre and its Sun,
Has a joy obedient Heaven,
Shining Heaven, never won.

Hand in hand with me, Repentance,
Close companion, since has trod ;
Thus — till on me gleam the turrets,
And the battlements of God :

Thus — to Jordan's swelling river,
Weeping, singing to the gate ;
Part we then, and part forever,
Where the steeds and chariot wait.

God forgive the tear I render !
God account it not a sin
If a thought of sweet Repentance
Steals to Heaven and enters in !

REDEMPTION.

Arise, shine, for thy light is come.—Isa. lx. 1.

HARK ! 't is the prophet of the skies
Proclaims Redemption near ;
The night of death and bondage flies,
The dawning tints appear.

Zion from deepest shades of gloom
Awakes to glorious day ;
Her desert-wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds* cross the main ;
On Calvary's awful brow, they tell
That JESUS lives again.

From Salem's towers the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurled,
And there IMMANUEL'S symbols shine,
His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear ;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

Again in Bethlehem swells the song,
The choral breaks again ;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
" Good will and peace to men ! "

* Missionaries to Palestine.

HYMN,

Written for the Twelfth Anniversary of the Children's Friend Society,
Boston: Dec. 7, 1845.

RICH men! a voice of Pity's calling
From downy beds and gilded domes;
Hear it! in blessings round you falling,
In sumptuous ease and gorgeous homes;
Telling of limbs that Penury crushes,
Of minds, diseased without a cure;
Speaking of eyes whence sorrow gushes,
Of cheerless hearths and haunts impure.

Parents! a voice of Love is stealing
From those dear shouts of infant glee;
Tender its tones, to you appealing,
"By HIM who slept on Mary's knee!"
Asking, for little wanderers, driven,
— As HE once was on Misery's wave —
That now to them shall Hope be given,
With hearts to shield, and hands to save.

Hark! to the prayer your own sweet Childhood
Sends from the distant Past for these!
Lifting their hands — that home and wildwood —
Those walks and old familiar trees; —
You hear! you hear! and still reclining
On blessings, radiant from above,
Will show, by deeds, the light that's shining
Within you, is the light of Love!

MISSIONARIES

GOING OUT IN THE BARK MALABAR.

'MID Traffic's ceaseless thunder,
'Mid Politics' rude din,
'Mid Pleasure's disappointing toil,
'Mid crowds that worship Sin,
A little band of travellers
Unmoor, to-day, their bark ; —
RELIGION tracking half the globe
In her unnoticed ark.

A little band, unfurling
Their canvass to the wind ;
Their homesteads and their native land
Exchanging for the Ind.
Their eyes the last look seizing, —
Lip pressed to quivering lip,
Imparting, taking worlds of love —
Farewell, thou blessèd Ship !

They lodged within our city,
Its proud ones knew them not,
Nor dreamed on those devoted men
Was laid a glorious lot ;
Nor that those meek-eyed women,
Who counted diamonds dross,
In their transparent loveliness
Were jewels of the Cross.

Unceasing Traffic thunders,
Rude Politics is loud,
And Pleasure disappoints the heart,
And Sin allures the crowd.
They perish — but the labors
Of *these* will Mercy own,
While stand the palaces of God,
While Jesus fills a throne.

HYMN,

Written for the Opening of the New Sailors' Home, Boston, Nov. 3, 1845.

GOD of Glory! when the portals
Of thy grace were lifted up,
And to bring in lost immortals
Jesus drank the dreadful cup,
He, in paths of constant sorrow,
Wearily was seen to roam;
He, the Builder, stooped to borrow,
For his earthly need, a HOME.

We would give, from bosoms lowly,
Thanks that *we* possess an ark
Lit within by Love that's holy,
When without the world is dark;
Where thy bounty, care dispelling,
— Be it hut or lordly dome —
Gilds the spot we make our dwelling
With the nameless charms of HOME.

God of Goodness ! we, to praise Thee,
For thy works below, above,
Do, in joyful offering, raise thee
 This, our monument of love.
To the Sailor, to Jehovah,
 To the friendless, forced to roam,
Holy Ghost, and Son that 's over,
 Kingdoms, Powers, we give this HOME.

God of Pity ! that in gladness
 Ocean's wanderer here may rest ;
God of Bethel ! that in sadness
 He may be in Jesus blest.
Pass, O Earth, as clouds of even
 Flit athwart the azure dome !
Even then, to *such* is given
 Rest in an eternal HOME.

WORSHIP.

HOLY be this, as was the place
 To him, of Padan-aram known,
When Abraham's God revealed his face,
 And caught the pilgrim to the throne.
Oh ! how transporting was the glow
 That thrilled his bosom, mixed with fear,
"Lo ! the Eternal walks below —
 The Highest tabernacles here !"

Be ours, when faith and hope grow dim,
The glories that the Patriarch saw ;
And when we faint, may we, like him,
Fresh vigor from the vision draw.
Heaven's lightning hovered o'er his head,
And flashed new splendors on his view, —
Break forth, thou Sun! and freely shed
Glad rays upon our Bethel too.

'T is ours to sojourn in a waste
Barren and cold as Shinar's ground ;
No fruits of Eschol charm the taste,
No streams of Meribah are found ;
But Thou canst bid the desert bud
With more than Sharon's rich display,
And Thou canst bid the cooling flood
Gush from the Rock and cheer the way.

We tread the path thy people trod,
Alternate sunshine, bitter tears ;
Go Thou before, and with thy rod
Divide the Jordan of our fears.
Be ours the song of triumph given, —
Angelic themes to lips of clay, —
And ours the holy harp of heaven,
Whose strain dissolves the soul away.

THE SEVERE AND SWEET PROCESS.

“CÆSAR MALAN says, that his conversion to the Lord Jesus might be compared to what a child experiences, when his mother awakes him with a kiss.”—*Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

I LEARNED submission by repeated blows.
The Spirit's hammer broke my stubborn heart,
Driving its adamantine core apart; —
How needed, HE who smote me only knows!
And now, when tampering with my devilish foes,
I try to slip His service, comes the stroke,
And beats me back again to Mercy's yoke.
Thou, when thou saw'st the crimson tide that flows
Down Calvary, wast in pleasing slumber bound,
Dreaming of quick obedience, and how sweet
To yield at once! — how ravishing the bliss!
And so in holy likeness thou wast found,
Waking, all satisfied, at JESUS' feet, —
As wakes a babe with the fond mother's kiss.

ALL IS RIGHT—RAISE THE SIGNAL.

“WITH the breaking of day, her spirit fled to the world of light. A little while before, with almost the last powers of utterance, she exclaimed, addressing one of her brothers, in words which rose to almost a sublimity of triumph, “All is right, H——, all is right—raise the signal!”

ALL is right — raise the signal!
Yield thee, unreluctant breath;
What remains? all is finished;
Work thy will with me, O Death!

All is right that God has given ;
Only wrong what I have done ; —
Raise the signal ! I'm accepted,
So are *all* that trust His Son !

All is right that God has taken,
Though my spirit did rebel ;
Bless the Lord ! his fiery furnace
Purifies the spirit well.

Hear me groaning, panting, crying ;
See me on this rack recline ;
In my exit doubly dying,
With a double victory mine !

Call it *suffering* ? yes ! the river
Foams along in deep midnight ;
Call it *terror* ? no ! a finger
Leads me on with threads of light.

Over, over, almost over ; —
Is this Heaven wrapping me ?
All is right — raise the signal !
Jesus ! conquer I through Thee !

THE BISHOP

" *The Bishop of your Souls.*" — 1 Peter, 2 : 25.

THE mitre rims a brow,
Once pierced by thorns, Oh Church ! for thee ;

And if that Sufferer is "no Bishop," thou
A "Church" canst never be.

His title, VERY GOD ;
His wondrous office to renew,
By toil and tears, and groans and blood,
An empire, all untrue.

His title, VERY MAN ;
In human flesh to walk below,
And, in fulfilment of Redemption's plan,
To exhaust the cup of human woe.

"His birth was on this wise."
When bashful Night had melted into Morn,
And where o'er Bethlehem arched the Syrian skies,
Mortals were told, "the Christ is born."

For psaltery was there,
And all the melody of heaven,
And strings and voices in mid air,
Telling, "The Christ is given."

*"Glory! Glory! Glory!
Good will has come to Earth ;
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Peace is born at Jesus' birth!"*

He from the manger came,
In his simplicity rebuking kings,
His looks were love, his words were flame ;
To friends what love! to foes what fiery stings!

Hungered, athirst and faint,
Thy Bishop by the poor was fed ;
Shunned, as polluted by the leper's taint,
Where should he lay his head ?

Unmitred by the maniac crew,
Uncrowned, unhonored, and beneath the ban ;
Scourged by the Roman ; crucified by Jew ;
“ Behold the Man ! ”

The Murdered lives !
The Buried triumphs over death and hell !
“ The Man of Sorrows ” wealth of blessing gives,
Worlds may not buy nor sell.

He rules the Church ;
He leads His “ little flock ! ”
For the poor way-side wanderer maketh search ;
And plants the feeble on a Rock.

He takes the Infant up ;
When He “ confirms,” *whose* faith is not heaven-strong ?
The pearl of bliss in His communion cup
Does not to Earth belong.

The Omnipresent — He
Is Intercessor at the court above ;
And where, below, are gathered “ two or three,”
Hovers His wing of love ;

Whether where pilgrim dips
His parchèd mouth in Oriental streams ;
Or where on sailor, worshipping midships,
Forgiveness beams ;

Whether in log-house, hid
By the deep foliage of the western wild;
Or where the city spires do not forbid
To enter Poverty's sad child.

Come! thou of England's creed,
Nursed in the lap of regal power;
Come! thou, the exiled one of prayer and need,
Cradled in trial's hour;

CHURCHMAN! and PURITAN!
Seeking alike His face;
Who in Hope's quiet, or Sin's battle-van,
Perish without His grace:

Come! at His footstool fall;
His children, are ye not His own?
His purchased? Oh! 't is sweet to give HIM all,
Who occupies the throne!

THE HUMILIATION.

"And there appeared an angel from heaven, strengthening him."

THE starry angels break the gloom
That wraps the silent Garden round,
For where its olive sheds perfume,
The God lies weeping on the ground.
Prelusive to the mournful night,
Whose shadows will His glory dim,
The great Creator bows His might,
A lowly angel strengthens Him.

Inexplicable, awful hour,
When Justice held the penal cup,
And God, the Maker, borrowed power
To bear the grief and drink it up!
When Sin had mixed the bitter draught,
And Judgment spiced it to the brim,
And Death, exulting, shook his shaft,
The hour an angel strengthened Him!

Oh! blessèd angel! in the choirs
Of shining heaven, where art thou?
Mid flaming hosts and thundering lyres,
Where dost thou, radiant angel, bow?
Art thou not nearest to the throne,
And swiftest of the cherubim,
Who, of thy fellows, didst alone
Appear from heaven to strengthen Him?

Sweet wonders of the sacred Cross!
Sweet mysteries, big with new delight!
What are all joys to you but dross?
What are all shades with you but light?
I'll sing where sings the Christian crowd,
I'll sing where sings the Seraphim,
How low for me the Maker bowed,
That e'en an angel strengthened Him!

HYMN,

Written for the Dedication of the Church of the Pilgrimage, Plymouth,
Massachusetts; 1840.

O GOD, what clouds of glory rolled
Around within thy house of old!
To dedicate that house, what throngs
Its pavement trod! — what prayers! what songs!

Moriah's awful mount was there,
And thoughts of Abraham's faith and prayer
Came up where Israel's thousands knelt,
Where God between the cherubs dwelt.

Yet not less Glory's cloud around
This house is seen, and o'er this ground;
Not less sweet thoughts of faith appear,
Not less the Hebrews' God is here.

Yon Bay, whose stormy waters bore
The Child of Promise to this shore,
Yon Mount, where sacrifice was made,
And where the patriarch's bones are laid,

Are holy. — Thou that led'st thy flock,
Our Pilgrim Fathers, to this Rock,
As thou wast *then* their staff and rod,
Be thou *to-day* the children's God.

On ground wet with their frequent tear,
Ye Gates, that now with joy we rear,
Be lifted! — “ Yet to *whom* lift we ? ”
Oh! TRINITY! TO THEE! TO THEE!

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

WHAT a sweet silence lingers on thy hills,
Along thy rivers and fair vales to-day,
New England! As it every passion stills,
Unholy thoughts take wing and flee away;
While the glad passengers the influence feel
Of Sabbath sights and sounds, such as them greet
When sloping upland, lawn, and field reveal
The thronging yeomanry with willing feet
Hasting to Zion. Hark! the village bells
Joyfully call each to the other, telling,
As their rich music o'er the landscape swells,
That the Great King of kings to-day is dwelling
In temples made with hands. Oh haste, and bow
Before the Lord, the Sovereign Maker, now!

THE WIDOW'S OIL.

“And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, ‘Bring me yet a vessel.’ And he said unto her, ‘There is not a vessel more.’ And the oil stayed.”—II. KINGS, iv. 6.

“BRING forth the vessels! borrow more,
Of all thy neighbors, not a few;
God, who regards the widow's store,
Her slender pittance will renew.”

Then did the widow's heart rejoice;
No more in penury's depths to toil;

Those vessels, at the prophet's voice,
She sees run o'er with precious oil.

“And yet bring more!” No more were brought,
And straight the flowing treasure stayed
O God! how fully we are taught
That *thus* we bound thy Spirit's aid.

For when the Oil of Grace, in store
Unmeasured, flows for ready hearts, —
Hearts, emptied of their pride, no more
Appear, and slighted Grace departs.

COLLOQUY.

HIGH PRIEST.

THOU, who look'st to Cæsar's seat,
Claiming to be called a King —
Yet for purple, sceptre, ring,
Showest coarsest covering,
Crownless head and naked feet;
Wanderer! for sedition ripe;
Poverty's true prototype;
Monarch! with no lictors, guards;
Lauded not by courtly bards;
With no symbol, save a scrip;
With no herald, save the lip
Of these stricken Fishermen;
Thou, whom stirred Jerusalem

Sees, a prisoner, forlorn,
Hither dragged in scorn ;
Homeless one !
Thou, God's Son ?
Thou claim the diadem ?
Flouted by the base,
Spit upon the face,
Scourged, a very slave,
Canst *thou* save ?
Bound, at my palace gates,
Where ready Justice waits
The traitor ; — thou
Of open brow,
And all unblushing face,
Who canst our temple rase,
And in three days each tower
Build again with devilish power,
Art thou, a wretch undone,
Whom Jew and Gentile shun,
On whom the thief hath trod,
Indeed, the Blessed Son
Of God ?

JESUS.

Yea, listen, Priest !
Who countest me as least ;
Who dost the Judge assume,
Exulting at my doom ;
Who see'st me thus uncrowned,
With malefactors bound ;
Where, at thy palace gates,
Stern Justice waits

The traitor. Now
 Listen ! for thou
 Shalt stand,
 When, at the high right hand
 Of Power, I sit, as SON,
 My rebel kingdom won ; —
 What time men leave their shrouds,
 Heaven lost, hell gained ; —
 Thyself, a trembling one,
 Myself, the Judge, on clouds ;
 The universe arraigned
 Before my righteous bar,
 While every world that seemed a star
 Shall crisp in flame ;
 Thou shalt behold my Name !
 On Him, of Bethlehem,
 Mark the diadem,
 And in the Nazarene —
 The base, the mean —
 Shalt see revealed
 The Everlasting Shield,
 And Hope of Israel ! Yea,
 When *thy* hopes flee away,
 Shalt know, indeed, the Lamb,
 Slain, vainly, for thy sin —
 Who lost that thou might'st win,
 Is He, Son of the Blessed !
 Who now, mid Roman wrong and Jewish jest,
 The cries of Hell and Death,
 The High Priest answereth :
 I AM !

THE SEAL.

“WHEN they were returned out of the garden from the bath, the interpreter took them, and looked upon them, and said unto them, ‘Fair as the moon!’ Then he called for the seal, wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the place, whither they were yet to go; and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces. It also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like those of angels.” — *The Pilgrim’s Progress*.

“FAIR as the moon!” celestial Seal,
 Oh for thy mark of blessing!
 Meek ornament — I pant to feel
 The sign my brow impressing.
 To cleanse sin’s spot, and make me fair,
 Beyond what beauteous angels are,
 Is thy strange power, Religion!

“Fair as the moon!” — woe’s me! unclean!
 Where folly in commotion
 Upcasts its mire, I long have been
 Disporting in the ocean.
 To thy dear Bath, my Lord, I flee;
 So! bring the Seal — affix on me,
 Eternally, Religion!

Now will I tell what wondrous charm
 Hath Mercy’s crystal waters,
 To cleanse the soul, the passions calm
 Of misery’s sons and daughters.
 Now will I sing the blessèd Seal,
 Whose outward impress doth reveal,
 Throned in the heart — Religion!

“Fair as the moon!” ingenuous youth!
Who long’st to lift the curtain,
And gaze beyond, and know, for truth,
What now is hope uncertain, —
Wouldst thou, by prescience, ills forego?
Wear thou her Seal and thou shalt know
His state, who finds Religion!

Though simple, unsuspecting thou,
Yet constant perils find thee;
Yea, though a willing victim now,
Sin’s dreadful fetters bind thee;
Thou hast no fear, thou know’st no pain,
Nor see’st thy cell, nor feel’st thy chain —
Blind, lost, without Religion!

“Fair as the moon!” — along this dark
Wild road, by perils driven, —
Oh fragile woman! wear the mark,
That pitying Love hath given.
On dangerous land, on stormy sea,
A certain panoply will be
The talisman, Religion!

How blest to-day avails thee not;
How free life’s book from sorrow —
The smile ’s there now — a tear will blot
That various leaf to-morrow!
Let light shine down upon the page
Of youth, maturity, and age —
The *only* light, Religion!

’T is all thou need’st, thou village maid!
To make thy beauty glorious;

Though in unequalled charms arrayed,
And o'er all hearts victorious, —
One thing thou lackest ; — part with gold,
Yea, all, to buy, what can't be sold
For worldly dross, Religion !

Thou city's pride ! — the speaking face,
Where mind informs each feature ;
The faultless form, and matchless grace,
That make the perfect creature —
These, that thou thus rejoicest in,
Win earth ; but heaven they cannot win ;
Nought doth it, but Religion !

'T is all thou need'st to make thy life
A day of white-winged hours ;
From all its care-paths weeding strife,
The thorn from all its flowers.
'T will soothe away the latent sigh,
'T will cheer thee when thou com'st to die ;
Nought doth it but Religion !

Yea, when before Him thou'lt appear,
Whose ways are Everlasting,
Thy gentle spirit need not fear,
But, crowns and praises casting
Before His feet, thou shalt rejoice,
And with the ransomed lift thy voice —
Who wear the Seal, Religion !

MISSION SHIPS.

WHAT, on thy boundless path of foam,
Oh, everlasting Sea!
Of all that hail thee as their home —
Hast thou most dear to me?

The merchant ship, whose precious gums
And ambergris and gold,
Are heaped, the price of princely sums,
Deep in her teeming hold —

The barque, that gaily seeks the breeze
On embassy of state;
Round which the willing winds and seas
Obsequious seem to wait —

Or the proud bulwark of the deeps,
Whose warring thunders play;
That bristling for the combat, keeps
Stern watch on thy highway?

Not these! not these! for still they bear
Those of the worldly brow;
And men disturbed with fruitless care,
Press o'er thy billows now.

Not these, not these, O Deep! for they
Man's purposes perform;
His lusts and passions to obey,
They court thy frequent storm.

But who are they that as a cloud
And doves are hovering near ;
Bearing unto the lost and proud
Their freight of glorious cheer ?

None, bird-like, sit upon thy crest
So beautiful as these ;
None, statelier, have ever prest
Through thy tall surging seas.

THE MISSION SHIPS! — ride on thy waves
No treasures like to them :
Ocean! within thy secret caves
Is hidden no such gem.

For holy footsteps tread that deck,
Of men who bear away
Riches, that shall survive the wreck
Of the last dreadful day.

And journeys o'er thy mighty tide
A Mission, vast and high
From the world's Monarch, who has died,
To man who may not die.

ENTERING IN AT THE CELESTIAL GATE.

“ Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the Men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun ; the streets also were paved with gold ; and in them walked many men with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.”
 “ There were also of them that had wings ; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, ‘ Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.’
 And after that they shut up the Gates ; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.” — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

WOULD I were with them ! — they are free
 From all the cares they knew below,
 And strangers to the strifes that we
 Encounter in this vale of woe.
 From storms of sorrow and of pain
 Forever are they garnered in,
 Secure from sad defilement's stain,
 The mildew and the blight of sin.

Would I were with them ! — they embrace
 The loved ones, lost, long years before ;
 What joy to gaze upon the face
 That never shall be absent more !
 There friends unite who parted here
 At Death's cold river, Oh how sadly !
 Forgotten are the sigh and tear,
 Their hearts are leaping — Oh how gladly !

Would I were with them ! — they behold
 Their Saviour, glorious and divine ;
 They touch the cups of shining gold,
 And in his kingdom drink new wine.

How flash, like gems, their brilliant lyres
Along the sparkling walls of heaven,
When, from his radiance catching fires,
The song of songs to Christ is given!

Would I were with them! — while without
Are sighs and weeping, they, within,
For very joy and gladness shout,
And well they may, who're free from sin!
O this, indeed, is Heaven above;
This fills the bliss of every soul —
To grow in holiness and love,
As age on age shall ceaseless roll.

HYMN,

Written for the Fiftieth Anniversary of an Ordination.

THE Church is graven on Thy hands,
Her walls before Thee shine;
O God, the worship and the word
And ministry are Thine.

She, the Restorer, sitteth where
Our ruined planet weeps, —
When will she sing the Jubilee
That Earth, the ransomed, keeps?

Thine only is it to appoint
Her watchmen for their toil;
The unction shed upon their hearts,
Upon their heads the oil.

Of those, anointed, some forsake
Their post in peril's hour ;
And Death has bowed the strong and tall
And crushed the manly flower.

Yet *these* thy servant long has led, —
The favored of the flocks ; —
How kindly Grace has touched his heart !
How gently Time his locks !
And he has formed the vigorous mind
In Wisdom's heavenly mould ;
And he has watched the little lambs
That bleat about the fold.

And longer on these noble walls
May he, O Lord, remain ;
And in the conflicts of the Cross
Still newer trophies gain.
And THOU, for Zion's thronging sons
Her gates wilt open wide
And gifts, beyond the pearls and gold
Shall deck the Church, the Bride.

HYMN,

For the Dedication of the remodelled Congregational Church in Manchester, Mass. — 1846.

THY people come with one accord
To bless thy Holy Name to-day ;
'T is good to bless thy Name, O Lord !
And better is it to obey.

For Thee, in Zion, praises wait ;
And yet this graceful Dome of Art
Thou passest by, to consecrate
A fairer shrine — the human heart.

The human heart ! — the sigh for sin
Is Music to thy perfect ear,
And Earth has nought thy glance to win
Like that returning wanderer's tear.

Then bow thy heavens, THOU ! as we
Draw nigh, with lowly heart and will,
And so the House we give to Thee,
Thy sounding praise shall grandly fill ; —

That where our dear old Fathers kept
Their Sabbaths, rise our true desires ;
And at the Altars where they wept
We fan anew Religion's fires ; —

That to our path of tears and night,
Where weeds and thorns push by the flowers,
Come glories from the land of light,
And sacred sweets and cheerful hours ; —

That still to Faith's immortal eye
The Crown is glittering at the goal ; —
The Crown *so* purchased ! now so nigh !
So starred ! — and every star a Soul !

THE BAPTIZED.

OVER that child, now sunk in shame,
While listened Heaven's admiring host—
In prayer was named the blessèd Name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Baptismal waters bathed his brow,
In sign of covenant, who now
Is counted as the lost.

He grew in youth. The father's prayer
Went up for him to Mercy's bower ;
For him, was seen, appealing, there,
The mother's tear of holy power.
As parents should, they agonized
For promises to the Baptized,
Performed in gracious hour.

He grew in manhood. Yet no sign
Saw they, of renovating grace ;
No token of the life divine,
In word or action, could they trace.
The quiet pleasure of the heart,
Whose choice is still the better part,
Was not upon his face.

Self-willed, he left the shielding dome,
Threw off the yoke, that he might be
From the restraints and tears of home,
Its prayers and kind monitions, free.

And of his wanderings, the spot
None knew, few cared, whose chosen lot
Was hopeless misery.

He knows not, yet *he* cares — the sire,
Whose hair, since then, has changed to gray ;
She cares — whose frame, the keen desire
To clasp the absent, wastes away.
When storms are up, with thunders, wild,
She fears for her unsheltered child,
And goes apart to pray.

Where 's he, for whom they agonized —
Those parents — in his infancy ?
Where 's he — the cherished, the Baptized —
The prodigal, oh ! where is he ?
On Folly's billows rudely tost, —
For this world, to appearance, lost, —
For Heaven, too, it may be.

Yet, "train thy child in wisdom's way,"
Saith Wisdom, "and when he is old,
From that fair path he shall not stray,"
Like one that is to Folly sold.
That word is truth ! — Old man, bereft
Of thy first born, by sin, why left
Thy child the Shepherd's fold ?

Some lapse of *thine* is with thy grief
Blended, some error in the link
That bound his love to thee, is chief
Of woe that presses now ; yet think !

There's power for thy lost son with God —
Despair not, No! though he has trod
The lava of hell's brink.

Over that child, now sunk in shame,
While listened Heaven's admiring host —
Remember! once was named the Name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
There's hope for him who wears such sign,
Though vile — that he, through grace divine,
Forgiven, shall love most.

SOLDIERS.

THE Soldiers of the Cross,
Led by the anointed Son,
Know not of shame or loss,
Their watchword still is, "On" —
Onward! till o'er a rebel world
Victorious banners are unfurled.

Whose flag looks o'er the field
Idolatry hath trod?
On waving folds revealed,
Behold the Word of God;
Barbaric kingdoms gather round,
Jehovah! where Thy Name is found.

Who next? — a lamb-like throng,
The joyous infant train
Approach, and hail with song
Their Shepherd's peaceful reign;

And he shall lead, with gentle rule,
His chosen of the Sunday School.

And see! a noble band,
Whose lifted sheet of Heaven
Displays from land to land
The "leaves for healing" given;
Where'er its spangled glories burn,
The nations from the dead return.

One army of the Prince —
One note their trumpets tell,
And theirs the battle, since
Their Leader vanquished hell.
To perish, is to win renown,
To fall — to reach a sparkling crown.

To arms! 't were glorious boon
With these stout hearts to die;
To arms! for victory soon
Shall be the stirring cry.
Yet every crown and palm shall meet,
Where victory dwells, at Jesus' feet.

THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

Written for the Anniversary of a Theological Seminary.

COME Mind! and break from empty night,
And take the wealth of radiance in;
Then sow the glorious pearls of light
In every soil of self and sin.

Drop splendors o'er the lovely West,
And melt away her veil of gloom ;
Flame down where Orient lies unblest,
And quench the terrors of her tomb.

His purpose hasten to fulfil ;
Co-workers with Him for mankind —
Affection, intellect and will —
Be one with God, exalted Mind !
For oft hath sworn the spirit here
Her energies forever His ; —
While dropt upon that oath the tear,
And looked these Shades, the witnesses.

Oh Shades ! endeared by thought and prayer,
To Nature and Religion true,
What memories turn from aching care,
And go on pilgrimage to you !
What hearts, that sigh the load to cast,
What spirits, weeping in the strife,
Ask counsel of your solemn Past,
And gird anew for future life !

'T is o'er — such moments breathe and die —
Those seek once more stern Duty's face,
And these, with kindling soul and eye,
Rush eager to the untried race.
Shed down, ye skies ! ethereal dew,
While angels stoop and smile from bliss
Whose golden cycles never knew
The joy, the pain of hours like this.

PARTING HYMN,

Of the Senior Class, at a Theological Seminary.

THE heart to heart, the face to face,
Answers within this sacred place ;
The exile has come back, and finds
"The fellowship of kindred Minds."

Thanks ! for an Eschol in the waste,
Whose clusters charm the eye and taste ;
Thanks — while we seek a world of bliss,
"Heaven lies about" our path in this.

Now send us, Lord ! — a willing band —
Like flames of fire, throughout the land ;
With light, where Sin's dark empires lie,
With life, where deathless millions die.

By us, let Sharon's roses bless
The prairie and the wilderness ;
By us, let Mercy's Cross, unfurled,
Restore the dying heathen world.

At home, abroad, in simple love,
Imparting doctrines from above,
Still let our glory, boast and pride,
Be Jesus, and Him Crucified.

Let intellect, affection, will,
Approve the words our lips distil ;

And in our people's lives be shown
The pure reflection of our own.

Thanks! for the lessons taught by Thee —
Thanks! that the Truth has made us free —
Thanks! for the privilege to teach —
Thanks! for the Gospel that we preach.

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

“ Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.”

No moon or planets ruled the hour
When Jesus, wrapt in deeper shade,
And prest by an infernal Power,
At midnight, in the garden prayed.
He asked, who never asked in vain,
— And sighs embalmed the heavy air —
That hence might pass the Cup of Pain, —
Yet His was an Unanswered Prayer.

I go in vision where He lies,
Forsaken in His utmost need ;
I see His terrors, hear His cries,
For whom there 's none to intercede.
The night dews wet His burning brow,
The moaning breezes lift His hair, —
Why crowd these horrors on Him now ?
And wherefore this Unanswered Prayer?

It may not pass — that fearful Cup —
Though mortal flesh and spirit shrink ;
Insulted Law has filled it up,
The world is lost, and He must drink.
No pity for His doom is shown,
Who comes, unmeasured wrath to bear ;
The quick cross lightning guards the throne
And wards off that Unanswered Prayer.

Oh ! had the Cup but passed from Him,
And Calvary borne a stainless tree,
In heaven might range the cherubim,
But *where*, my spirit, wouldst *thou* be !
To break the cruel yoke of Sin,
To raise from rags Creation's heir,
The rebel to repentance win,
Must this remain Unanswered Prayer.

Unanswered — that forever more
Should contrite cries the boon obtain ;
That he who knocks at Mercy's door
In truth, might never knock in vain.
Then strengthened be thy bold intent,
In all thy need to Him repair,
And He will teach thee to present
What shall not be Unanswered Prayer !

THE RANSOMED SPIRIT TO HER HOME.

THE ransomed spirit to her home —
The clime of cloudless beauty — flies ;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies :
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
The cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love !

The cherub near the viewless throne
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand ;
And One with incense-fire hath flown
To touch with flame the angel-band ;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love !

Earth, sea and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul ;
'T is heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders, thunders roll :
That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom peace ;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer *our* hearts, Celestial Love !

FUNERIAL.

WE sadly seek the waiting tomb,
 Whose echoes mock our funeral tread,
 And to its silence, damps and gloom,
 With tears, commit the sacred Dead ;
 Guard well your trust, ye narrow walls !
 And give these ashes sweet repose,
 Till Jesus to the sleeper calls,
 Till rosy tints His Day disclose.

One prayer for Grace ! the art to learn
 How like the Christian *we* may die,
 Who journey up whence none return,
 Who press the sod where we must lie ; —
 For Grace ! that led her steps aright,
 And marked her pure, transparent way,
 Whose path was as the shining light,
 That shineth to the perfect day ; —

For Grace ! that soothed her final hour,
 And winged to God her praising breath,
 And stript from dust and worms their power,
 And triumphed at the gates of Death ; —
 For Grace ! that radiates the tomb ;
 Unsought by sinners, to their loss,
 Who see no Star of Hope illumine
 The midnight of the wondrous Cross.

Resplendent HOPE ! that smiles on tears,
 Like golden sunlight on the rain ;

High o'er the grave its bow appears ;
The Dead in Jesus lives again !
We sadly seek the waiting tomb,
Whose echoes mock our funeral tread,
And in His Name who spoiled its gloom,
To peaceful slumber leave the Dead.

HYMN,

Written for the Dedication of the Lyceum Hall, South Boston ; 1846.

ART flew to bless the virgin world ;
And, since she lit on Shinar's plain,
Where domes have swelled, or incense curled,
She 's followed in Religion's train.

For Wisdom dwelt with God of old,
Ere flamed the sun or sang the stars ;
Or He the firmament unrolled,
Or fixed the sea's eternal bars.

The Truth that Art and Science preach
Leads up to God — from God it came ;
Of God the Laws of Matter teach,
And Nature's pregnant with His Name.

His awful Name, in love and fear,
We thus from Knowledge truly learn ;
And thus attempt the worship here,
That thunders where the Seraphs burn.

Then gather we around the throne,
And render what to God belong —
THIS HOUSE, from cope to corner stone,
Our supplication and our song!

THE CHURCH IS THERE.

THAT tossing vessel's silver wake
Thine eye discerns no more ;
A storm has gathered on the lake,
And sullen is its roar.

Why sinks not the devoted bark
Beneath that boiling sea ?
Why o'er those men close not the dark
Wild waves of Galilee ?

The Church is there ! — and God, who keeps
Within his fists the wave,
Will calm the passions of the deeps,
His followers to save.

Still breasts the bark the troublous gale ;
She's on the flood of Time ;
How fearful is the tempest's wail !
How high the waters climb !

She's on the Deep ; — though her beset
Fierce storms that prowl the seas,
There's ONE that never doth forget
To lull them to a breeze.

And ever as the winds increase,
When nearest is despair,
His voice cries through the thunders, "Peace!"
The Church — the Church is there!

When mighty are the thralls of sin,
And tall and strong is pride,
'T is safe with her to be shut in,
And o'er the danger ride.

Amid the sweep of whelming waves,
Amid the tempest's stir —
Beneath His wings whose Presence saves,
May I be found with her!

WE WANDER IN A THORNY MAZE.

Set to Music by A. P. Heinrich.

WE wander in a thorny maze,
A vale of doubts and fears;
A night illumed with sickly rays,
A wilderness of tears.
We wander, bound to empty show,
The slaves of boasted will;
We wander, dupes to hope untrue,
And love to wander still.

We wander — while unfading joy
The heart will ne'er approve,
The bliss that sparkles to destroy,
Secures its warmest love;

Some syren leads our steps astray,
And speaks no peace within ;
We wander in a flowery way,
We wander, heirs of sin.

We wander — but though oft we roam,
Led by allurements strong,
Yet from our heavenly Father's home
We would not wander long ;
Cleanse us, O Saviour ! from this stain
In Mercy's living flood,
Restore the lost, and bring again
The wanderer back to God.

THE NATIVITY.

JUDEA'S plains in silence sleep
Beneath the cloudless midnight sky,
And o'er their flocks the shepherds keep
Kind watch, to David's city nigh :
That royal city ! — nobler Guest
Is she awhile to entertain,
Than proudest monarch, whose behest
It is o'er earthly realms to reign.
By Him salvation is to mortals given,
On Earth is shed the peerless noon of Heaven.

For see ! along the deep blue arch
A glory breaks ; — and now a throng
From where the sparkling planets march
Comes trooping down with shout and song ;

And o'er those pastures, bathed in light,
The sacred legions stay their wing,
While on the wakeful ear of night
Steals the rich hymn that Seraphs sing.
And sweetly thus the mellow accents ran,
"Glory to God, Good Will and Peace to Man!"

GOD.

Set to Music by A. P. Heinrich.

FIRST Cause! The Good! Almighty! Thou!
The Dread, Mysterious, Alone!
The Rightful King, the Wondrous Now!
The Past, the Future, the Unknown!

Thou Art! — O Thou! the untold years
Of an Eternity are Thine;
Thy Essence, One, Triune, appears —
All time all space with Thee combine.

Though terrors shroud, O Thou! thy way,
Though thunders dwell beneath Thy feet,
Thy glory beams with kindly ray
Around the blessèd Mercy seat.

Help me, O Thou! — 't is Thou alone
Canst touch my lips with living fire;
Though frail, I would approach Thy throne;
Though dust, would reach an angel's lyre.

Yet help me, Sovereign ! and control
Thy subject's wish and thought to Thee ;
And O, accept the contrite soul —
The offering dear to Deity.

WEEP NOT.

WEEP not, when sad distress is nigh,
When bliss and transient pleasures fly ;
When earthly blessings droop and fade,
When all is wrapt in sorrow's shade.

Weep not, when death with cruel dart
Pierces some idol of the heart ;
When hallowed friendship decks the bier,
When tender love would claim the tear.

Weep not, for as the morning cloud
Doth nature's radiant smile enshroud,
But scatters soon, — these gloomy woes
Shall flee, and all be calm repose.

Weep not, for as the floweret fair
Is crushed with winter's blighting air,
Pressed rudely down, it droops its head,
And all its varied hues are fled —

With opening spring its bloom revives ;
Again the beauteous floweret lives ;
Thus, when life's wintry storms are o'er,
The friend revives to die no more.

O THOU THAT PLEAD'ST WITH PITYING LOVE.

O THOU that plead'st with pitying love,
How large that love and free,
When sad and wounded here, we prove
There 's rest alone in Thee !

Poor wanderers, tired, bereft of all,
To sin and bondage sold,
We strive, till, freed from Satan's thrall,
We 're brought to Jesus' fold.

With fervor at the sinner's heart
Thou plead'st to enter in,
And there the kindly balm impart,
That heals the wounds of sin.

“ Open the door to me, my spouse,
My love is ever true ;
My head with drops of midnight flows,
My locks are filled with dew.”

Who shall not, Lord, with love adore,
When thus Jehovah pleads ?
What bosom will deny the door
When Jesus intercedes ?

Enter this heart, my Saviour, God!
Subdue this stubborn breast;
Shed thy renewing grace abroad,
And be my constant guest.

HYMNS,

Written for the Anniversaries of the American Sunday School Union;
Philadelphia.

I.

THE angel ranks that gird the throne
Of Majesty, stand not alone;
To mortals, disenthralled, 't is given
To join the choral hymn of heaven.
Hark! even now a richer strain
Comes floating o'er the eternal plain;
To infant choirs those harps belong,
And children's voices swell that song.

Gabriel ne'er touched a sweeter string, —
His legions listen, as they sing;
O, whence those cherub minstrels — say —
Clad in Immanuel's bright array?
In scenes where thoughtless worldlings dwell
Their lot was cast, whose lyres now swell
The thrilling melody above;
Thine be the praise, O God of love!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL! Earth has no name
Worthier to fill the breath of Fame;
The untold blessings it hath shed
Shall be revealed when worlds have fled.
O thou of Bethlehem! once a child,
Jesus! compassionate and mild —
Approve thy work, be this the sum
Of all our toil — “THY KINGDOM COME!”

II.

IF this low vale of strife and tears
Were never sunned by Mercy's beam,
Where gladness now, O God, appears,
How dark would thy creation seem!
Revealed in splendors was thy name,
When morn her banners first unfurled;
Yet lovelier is the Light that came,
Shedding redemption o'er a world.

To this high impulse man has bowed,
And frigid hearts have learned to love;
The fierce are humbled, on the proud
Sits meekness like a peaceful dove;
Now are the mighty of the earth
Workers with God — now hoary age
Pants to partake the second birth,
Now children are his heritage.

Earth has a theme allied to heaven,
And joys like those that revel there,
When to these lispings ones is given
The artless eloquence of prayer;

And these may wake a trembling string,
While rapture every bosom thrills —
With hymns as sweet as seraphs sing
Upon those everlasting hills.

Our hearts rejoice, our bosoms glow,
This hour what cheering visions rise !
These children, nurtured thus below,
Shall swell the assemblies of the skies.
Glorious will be his diadem,
And songs and ecstasies unknown,
Who forms for God one beauteous gem,
To sparkle on the eternal throne.

III.

GOD, our God, his power revealing,
In this latter harvest time,
Bids his Sun, with wings of healing,
Rise on each benighted clime :
See ! o'er vale and humbled mountain,
Rolls his conquering car to-day ;
See ! his brightness, like a fountain,
Flooding all the glad highway.

By the Mission Ships that wander,
Messengers to every sea, —
By his servants, toiling yonder,
Where stern idols claim the knee, —
Bibles, news of peace declaring
To the wretch by sin undone,
Tracts, obedient missives, bearing
Liberty to thraldom's son :

By the tender mercies glowing
Where reigned hatred and misrule,
And the thousand blessings flowing
From his chosen Sunday School —
He is Error's night dispelling,
Bidding grace in rivers flow
From Antarctic, to the dwelling
Of the lowly Esquimaux.

Wake the harp, ye angels! ever
Warble ye melodious choirs!
Sweet your minstrelsy, yet never
With Redemption thrill those wires;
'T is *our* song, and all your glory
Starry crowns and hymns above
Fade, while children lisp the story
Of a Saviour's dying love.

IV.

UNION prevails in heaven, from Him
Who all its spangled sheet unrolled,
Down to the flaming cherubim
That veils his face with wings of gold.

Union is written on each star
That walks in music as it shines,
And the dim worlds that float afar
Reveal it, traced in living lines.

In Union have our fathers placed
The stone that God will not forbid,
Polished and sure — whereon is based
The Sunday School's fair pyramid.

In Union went the cloud of prayer,
Their embassy, to yonder skies ;
Faltering, and yet accepted there,
For God approved the sacrifice.

O, Thou! that sendest blessings down,
The hearing and the answering One —
Smile on their toil, and give the crown,
And give the world to Christ thy Son.

V.

WHERE warrior feet once pressed the soil,
And Freedom led her thousands on,
Hath Knowledge gathered goodly spoil,
And meek Religion trophies won.

O'er valleys where repose the brave,
Her lovely stars hath Peace unfurled ;
And harvests on the hill-tops wave,
Where once the cloud of battle curled.

There bowed the hostile ranks in death,
There bent our sires the willing knee,
And from that ground, Lord God! the breath
Of glad thanksgiving rose to Thee.

Thou who didst nerve their dauntless hosts,
And give them victory on that field,
From deadlier foemen guard these coasts,
From sin, O God! the children shield.

Thou went'st before them, King of kings!
And on their camp thy power shone out;
O, that the shadow of thy wings,
Might ever compass *these* about!

Make thou this land a heritage
Refreshed by kindly sun and shower —
Whose youth shall bloom, from age to age,
Thy right-hand plants of fairest flower.

Thy smiles they need, their care to crown,
Who watch the gate or build the dome;
Lord! on *our* toil send unction down,
To gather these immortals home.

And be the pearls of lustre ours,
The gems that heaven might seek to wear —
Children arrayed in yonder bowers,
Led by our tears and watchings there.

VI.

O, GOD! this universal frame
Reveals the splendor of thy Name,
And on the heavens that thou hast spanned,
Its characters in beauty stand.

Of Thee, redeemed ones sweetly sing,
Where errand angels plume their wing;
That mellow music bursts and dies
Ever along those upper skies.

Yet nobler than this matchless frame,
Or heaven of heavens, where dwells thy Name,
Is He who once this footstool trod,
The Crucified — the risen God.

And richer is His word of love,
Than notes that shake the throne above,
When He invites his children home,
Saying, " Forbid them not to come."

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

" Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God." — JOHN XX. 16, 17.

JERUSALEM is silent now,
Her priests and warriors sleep;
And dimly on yon vaulted brow,
The stars their vigils keep;
Unheeded is that voiceless gloom —
That stillness has no dread
To her that weeping seeks the tomb
Of the beloved Dead.

The morn on Zion's lonely hill,
Has cast no beams abroad;
Yet Mary's footstep lingers still —
She goes to seek her Lord:

Why stands she wondering? — Hands unknown
Have burst the shroud and pall,
And rolled away the sealèd stone,
And rent the prison wall.

Jesus, the Dead, she sees no more,
And weeps in fond alarm, —
O, shall she not upon him pour
Her spices, myrrh and balm?
Blessed One! thy love and faith are great,
Is not thy triumph near?
Yes, He thou seek'st doth on thee wait,
Mary! behold Him here.

I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH. — CANTICLES, v. 2.

THE Church is slumbering. She that once awoke
And girded on her beautiful array,
And went forth terribly, is idle; yea,
Is sleeping now. She thinks not how she broke
Her dreamings once, and shook off the stern yoke
Of Ignorance and Cruelty. The gloom
Of night is on her — gone is that fair day.
She is all lovely — is it for the tomb!
Will not the few sad watchers for her, pray
That everlasting sleep be not her doom?
That in her silent chamber the strong ray
Of Life poured down, shall cause her to betake
Herself to weeping for her once bright bloom? —
Church, that art slumbering, — *is thy heart awake?*

THY WILL BE DONE.

WHEN sorrow casts its shade around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun ;
When nought but grief and care is found,
'T is sweet to say, " Thy will be done."

When sickness lends its pallid hue,
And every dream of bliss has flown,
When quickly from the fading view
Recede the joys that once were known,

The soul resigned will yet rejoice,
Though life's last sand has nearly run ;
With humble faith and trembling voice,
It still replies, " Thy will be done."

When called to mourn the early doom
Of one Affection held most dear,
While drops upon the closing tomb
The silent, the expressive tear ;

Though love its tribute, sad, will pay,
And earthly streams of solace shun,
Still, still the gracious soul will say,
In lowly dust, " Thy will be done."

Whate'er, O Lord, thou hast designed
To bring my soul to thee, its Trust,
If mercies or afflictions kind,
For all thy dealings, Lord, are just —

Take all! but grant in goodness free,
The love that ne'er Thy stroke would shun ;
Support this heart and strengthen me
To say in faith, " Thy will be done."

'T IS TO THE EAST THE HEBREW BENDS.

'T is to the East the Hebrew bends,
When morn unveils its brow ;
And while the evening rite ascends,
The East receives his vow.
Dear to the exile is the soil
That reared Jehovah's Vine ;
Dear to the wretched heir of toil
Thy memory, Palestine !

'T is to the East the Hebrew turns,
The East ! to Hebrews dear,
When kindling recollection burns,
When memory claims the tear.
Land of the Patriarch ! he recalls
The days of promise, when
The timbrel rang along thy halls,
And GOD communed with men.

Where Babel murmured Judah's wrongs,
The banished Hebrew sighs ;
Where Zion swelled her holy songs,
His tribute seems to rise ;

And Hope still wings his thought afar, —
It tells to those that roam,
That HE who rode the cloudy car
Will guide His children home.

O THOU! IN THIS DARK WORLD OF OURS.

O THOU! in this dark world of ours,
Whose voyagers tempt a surging sea,
Where Guilt flaps wings and Passion lowers,
Who can direct and save, but Thee?
For deeper rolls the Gulf of Sin,
And higher still its billows climb,
And few the port in safety win —
Survivors of the wrecks of Time.

Yet here RELIGION sheds the light
That elevates, refines, reforms ;
That burns upon the brow of Night,
A lovely Star, beset with storms ;
That shines along the rebel's track,
And floods with radiance Error's feet ;
That woos the weary wanderer back,
And lifts Despair to Glory's seat.

Her presence is continual balm,
That heals beyond the power of art ;
Her words the hell of anguish calm,
Her smile is heaven within the heart.

Peace at her mandate takes the throne,
Where Woe and Ruin ruled before ;
And tumults die at Mercy's tone
Of " Daughter, go, and sin no more ! "

That Gospel shall not *all* obey,
And thus deliverance bless the world
Wherever folly takes its way, —
Wherever clouds of grief are curled ?
So be it, Lord ! — let work and prayer
With blessings clothe affliction's rod,
Till all Thy laborers mingle where
The pure and perfect see their God.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN THE WEST.

HE came to drink his bitter cup,
And men accorded not acclaim ;
Yet from young lips a shout went up
That put the frowning priests to shame.

Beyond the skill to Levites known
When trump to answering cymbal calls,
Was that rich swell of touching tone
That met Him in Moriah's halls.

Since then in deep forgetfulness
The harp of Infancy had lain,
Till Sunday Schools were sent to bless,
And bid its lisplings live again.

To this dark world 't was gladdening hour,
When voices that had slumbered long,
In all the charms of childhood's power
Woke up to holiness and song.

Right well 't was then, to mark the boy
Still tending sky-ward, led by Love,
And as he journeyed, singing, " Thou !
My Father, — art my guide above."

And cheeks, where rioted the curl,
To see suffused with tears for sin ;
And holy smiles, by which that girl
Revealed the quiet peace within !

Of gifts from man, was *his** the best
In yonder isle, whose patient prayer
Brought dews upon that vine to rest,
And England's thousands sheltered there.

And friendly to my country's weal
Was he that bore across the wave
The tree, whose leaves refresh and heal,
Whose branches flourish on the grave.

Shall not to him — the noble one —
Be grateful tribute ever paid,
Who gave its blossoms to *our* sun,
To cheer us with its balm and shade, —

* Robert Raikes.

And led our little ones among
Its bowers, safe from wanderings,
As watchful shepherds win their young
To verdant vales and silvery springs?

Yes! and to those whose beaming eyes
Have lately looked upon the West,
And said, beneath its pleasant skies
This plant shall shelter the oppressed,

And tower above the lordly pines,
And fling its fragrance round the land,
From Alleghany's wilds, to where
Pacific's billows kiss the strand, —

Be thanks; — yet rather, Holy Lord!
From Thee it comes, to Thee they're given;
And Thou wilt send the searching word
That saves, restores, and lifts to Heaven.

THE BURDEN AND THE CROSS.

“Now I saw in my dream, that the highway which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation; Isa. xxvi. 1. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run; but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his Burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.” — *Pilgrim's Progress*.

WE bear along our toilsome way

A burden, taken at the birth;

How deeply, sadly, none may say,

It bows the wearer down to earth.

'T is written, like the prophet's scroll,

All sighs without, all woes within;

It lays upon the fainting soul

The grievous malison of sin.

There is no peace around the board,

Though heaped with meats, and crowned with wine;

There is no peace, where heaven hath stored

For man domestic bliss divine.

There is no peace in balmy sleep;

No angel there, to bid it seem

Like Eden, where immortals keep

Watch o'er the lips of those that dream.

To madness urged, we leave our home,

God knows with what disturbed intent

To crush reflection as we roam, —
 To wander, till His grace is spent!
 Yet vain to us the painted fields,
 Or valleys smiling with the sheaf;
 The roadside flower no sweetness yields
 To travelers in their guilt and grief.

Go where we may, it goes with us;
 At home, abroad, or well, or ill;
 In mirth, in joy, the constant curse
 Is woven with existence still.
 It shames us in the open mart;
 It dyes our cheek in secret hour;
 It sits, a vulture, on the heart,
 And tortures with unsparing power.

Across the desert lies the way
 To that high place of fearful name;
 We choose it, and, regardless stray,
 To Sinai's awful mount of flame.
 The tenfold trumpet, waxing loud
 And louder, warns the sinner thence;
 How may he shun — the lost, the proud —
 The Law that slays for one offence!

Shall we, with CHRISTIAN, take the path,
 That points, as worldlings deem, to loss,
 But, leading from impending wrath,
 That brings the Pilgrim to the Cross?
 Oh, we may travel folly's road,
 Bowed with our burden to despair;
 Yet, *never*, NEVER drop the load,
 Till, taught by grace, we leave it there!

How many painful steps he took !
What heavy groanings rent his breast !
Till, casting on that sight a look,
At once he found relief and rest.
And thus 't is ever with the heart
That turns aside to solace, vain ;
It cannot with its anguish part ;
The guilt and burden must remain.

O God ! when finding out the cheat
Of this delusive world below,
We turn away our weary feet,
And to the Cross with weeping go, —
How blest to feel, while gazing, *all*
That weighed our spirit down before,
Loosed by thy love, forever fall
Where Mercy ne'er shall see it more !

ROBERT RAIKES IN THE SUBURBS OF GLOUCESTER.

“ It was his custom to visit in person the families of the poor, and to persuade the parents to feel interested in the well-being of their children ; while at the same time he persuaded the children to come to the Sunday school.”

AND who is he that 's seeking,
With look and language mild,
To heal the heart that 's breaking,
And save the vagrant child ?
He searches lane and alley, —
The mean and dark abode, —
From Satan's hosts to rally
The conscripts due to God.

With words of kindly greeting,
Warm from an honest heart,
He's Ignorance intreating
In Wisdom to have part.
With charity unfailing,
He patiently doth take
Rebuke and sinful railing,
For Christ the Shepherd's sake.

He wins from vicious mothers
The children of neglect,
The sisters and the brothers
From households sadly wrecked.
And these, the Truth impressing
Beneath his gentle rule,
Have called on him a blessing,
Who formed the Sunday school.

I'd rather my life's story
Should have such episode,
Than all the gorgeous glory
Napoleon's history showed.
For when no more war's banner
With shouting is unfurled,
These children's sweet hosanna
May shake the upper world.

THE SACRAMENTS.

But shall they be my God ? or shall I have
Of them so foul and impious a thought,
To think that from the curse they can me save ?
Bread, wine, nor water, me no ransom brought.

John Bunyan.

I BRING unto the Font, with holy feeling,
My blossom, sweet, and yet defiled ;
And crave the sign, that Love is here revealing,
To seal, for aye, my child.
Yet cannot deem these pure innocuous waters
Sprinkled on the appealing face —
Can ever give to Adam's sons or daughters
Restoring life and grace.

I do approach with awe and sacred pleasure
The Feast of origin divine —
And here, though poor, do take all glorious treasure,
Handling the bread and wine.
Yet cannot think the Eucharist is food
To satisfy the starving mind
That feeds on sin. Here, if my sin intrude,
My Lord I may not find.

THE FACE OF DEATH.

WHAT a spiritual expression
Death doth ever wear!
'T is as if its own impression
Heaven writeth there.
Something of eternity
In that fixèd face you see.

Or, as if the soaring spirit,
Leaving dust alone —
Ere she mounted, lingering, gave it
Image of her own ;
Setting solemn seal on earth,
Known again at glorious birth.

Listen, mother ! — by this token
Joy shall follow pain ;
Ties shall be renewed, now broken,
She shall live again !
Then thy beauteous babe will shine
With a countenance divine !

CHRISTIAN WARS.

A Turk, at Jerusalem, once said to Mr. Wolff, the missionary, "Why do you come to us?" The missionary replied, "To bring you peace." "Peace!" replied the Turk, leading Mr. Wolff to a window, and pointing him to Calvary, "there, upon the very spot where your Lord poured out his blood, the Mohammedan is obliged to interfere, to prevent Christians from shedding the blood of each other."

THE angels' song, that happy night
 When spirits stooped to mortal ken,
 Warbled from lips and lyres of light,
 Was, Peace on earth, Good Will to men.

In Peace, the sages came, and paid
 Their offering of the gold and myrrh;
 And why such bliss on Mary laid? —
 She felt that Peace had come to her.

Peace was the theme, when precepts dropt
 From Jesus' lips, like his own dew;
 Who oped their eyes? Who ears unstopt?
 His name was PEACE — 't was all they knew.

The word that lingered on his tongue,
 When sighs and suffering soon should cease,
 And Jesse's Root be rudely flung
 As a vile weed away, was Peace.

'T was "Peace," that sweetly soothed the fear
 Of those who mourned their Master slain;
 With Peace their weapon, far and near,
 They won the world to Him again.

Peace is inscribed on that broad scroll
The angel bears whom Saint John saw ;
"Joy to all realms where pines a soul,
And to the isles, Jehovah's law !"

And yet, oh, God! the Christian's wrath,
Through all her seas, through all her zones,
Has in Earth's bosom hewed a path
That's whitened with her children's bones.

In thy Son's name the sword drinks blood ;
In thy Son's name, since first his Star
Spoke Peace, has surged the angry flood
Of cruel and destructive War.

Drop, Christendom! thy boasted name,
And let the humble take it — those
Who fear, in spite of taunt and shame,
To count their Christian fellows foes.

HYMN,

Sung at the Dedication of the Second Presbyterian Church,
Cincinnati; 1830.

HEART and hymn, Thy sons and daughters
Give to Thee, Incarnate Word!
Voices, as of many waters,
Answer, "Holy, Holy, Lord!"
From thy sanctuary bending,
Of whose bliss the Sun thou art, —
Listen to the song ascending,
Look upon the humble heart.

What, though to thy Name, a dwelling
Mortals build, whence prayer shall rise —
Temples, all their art excelling,
Are thy earth and painted skies ;
Crowns and harps are thine for ever,
Lord of Uncreated Day !
Yet from our low praises, never
Wilt thou turn thine ear away.

Swelling domes, unto thy glory
Reared, we scarcely deem begun,
Till upon each stone, the story
Is inscribed, of trophies won.
Here, oh Dove ! thyself revealing,
Let the tear be shed for sin ;
O'er us spread thy wing of healing,
Be its shadow felt within.

Name ! in which we raise our banner,
Lay the stone and build the wall ;
Name ! that wakes the glad hosanna,
Name ! by which this house we call ;
Opened are the doors of heaven,
Lifted are the gates of God —
Enter ! — souls to Thee are given,
Thou that hast the wine-press trod.

THE PALM TREE.

BEAUTIFUL tree of the towering stem !
 Wearing thy flowers like a diadem —
 Whose leafy garlands, always green,
 Always fair and flowing are seen ;
 Whose scarlet fruit, like coral bright,
 To the longing traveller yields delight ;
 Noblest thou of the forest throng !
 To thee I give a simple song.
 I never saw thee, princely plant,
 In Syria's vales, nor in thy haunt —
 "The city of palm trees," Jericho,
 Nor where the Jordan's currents flow,
 Nor where the mighty Lebanon sees,
 In pride, his aged cedar trees ;
 Nor where is found the clustering vine,
 Or tempting olive of Palestine ;
 Nor in the distant desert, where
 Palmyra's solemn ruins are ; —
 Yet I have loved thee, since a boy,
 It was at home my glad employ
 To read, beneath my father's eye,
 In Holy Writ ; — and gladly I
 Did in the blessèd Sabbath's calm,
 Read and talk of the stately palm ;
 That the Good shall be like the flourishing tree,
 Planted by the gushing river ;
 That yields in his season his fruit, and he,
 The evergreen, shall never wither.

The pilgrim eagerly looks for thee,
When faint and almost spent with thirst;
He knows where thou art, guiding tree,
The cool deep waters freely burst.
O thus may I the Saviour seek,
When in this desert faint and weak,
Assured that He my steps will show
And lead where streams forever flow.

THE ELECT ANGELS.

1 TIM. 5: 21.

O, ANGELS! nearest to the King,
Elected from the rest —
Why, o'er those winged and flaming troops,
Are ye accounted blest?

Is 't with Jehovah, Father, Son,
Jehovah, Holy Ghost,
Ye marshal up the glittering ranks,
Co-leaders of the host?

Is 't when the burning worlds roll by,
And ancient Time has fled,
That ye, auxiliary to Christ,
Shall judge the quick and dead?

Whate'er your high behest may be,
Your starry eyes, I know,
Look down from golden heights, to bless
The humble heart below.

Your awful beauty shines around,
Rebuking gross desire ;
Your innocence consumes my sin
With salutary fire.

Ye are apostles unto me ;
Your Presence is a call,
In thought, and word, and deed, to keep
The charge of holy Paul !

THAT LOOK!

And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. — LUKE xxii: 61.

THAT Look! — when eye met eye — what power
Was in that wondrous Look,
Which he, deemed of the Twelve a tower,
Unshaken, might not brook ?

Rolled forth the angry thunders then,
To speak his blighting shame ?
Or met that chief of fickle men
The Godhead's glance of flame —

Revealing, where the mocked One stood —
The Scorned in priestly hall —
That He, about to bear the wood,
And die, was Sire of All ?

No! such was not His gracious will,
His nature was not so ;
Yea, that He, patient, pitieth still,
My soul has cause to know !

Round that proud palace — dark as hell,
 With hell's completed crime —
 No forked and fiery vengeance fell ;
 'T was not the Father's time.

No ! nor on that *Denier*, who
 For life, risked Life above ;
 Yet his forgiving Lord he knew
 In that full glance of LOVE !

THE INDIFFERENT.

I SAW a man who had sojournèd where
 The Saviour once did tabernacle. He
 Familiar was with Bethlehem, Nazareth ; knew
 The very site of Jacob's well ; had talked
 Where Jesus talked, — was intimate with all
 The scenes of Gospel story ; yea, had dwelt
 Hard by the Garden ; and his daily course
 Had taken o'er the soil of Calvary ;
 And yet he gaily spoke of these ; and smiled,
 And smoothed his chin, and twisted in his hair
 His dainty fingers, as with unconcern
 He took upon his lips those sacred names.
 And then I thought that such an one in Heaven
 Would ask the Crucified to show His scars,
 And coldly gaze, while angels blush and shrink ; —
 And, Gallio like, care not for all these things.

A RECOLLECTION.

I KNEW thee once where sweeps Ohio's tide ;
 An exile thou from thy New England home ;
 Yet not in western solitudes to hide,
 Nor to acquire rich knowledge, didst thou roam.
 Knowledge thou hadst, and taste, and thou couldst please
 With various lore ; thou didst not stray for these.

But to disperse thy wealth of learning, so
 Thy fellow-men should profit by it well ;
 That Lowliness the glorious Cross might know ;
 That Pomp might turn aside and with Religion dwell.
 This was thy aim, if thee I read aright,
 Thou soul of modesty, and love, and light !

Yes, and to show in action, word, and look, —
 The which the world most eagerly doth scan —
 That all was modeled from the sacred Book
 Whose pages pattern out the Christian man ;
 Who only knows, in spite of Learning's pride,
 The alphabet divine of Christ the Crucified.

And therefore 't is no wonder unto me,
 That near thy dying couch the Saviour stood ;
 And angels' wings shook round thee fragrancy,
 The while they bore thee over Jordan's flood.
 Thus thy departure, thus the righteous die
 Who live the righteous ; — Jesus ! *thus* may I.

HYMN FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF A CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH.

FOR conscience bold, our sires of old, —
A heaven-devoted flock,
Tempting the waves, — by Him who saves,
Were led to Plymouth Rock.

Stern Winter's sway held shore and bay,
What time they pitched their tent ;
And ere Spring's bloom, unto the tomb
Their flower of manhood went.

Want hedged their path ; the red man's wrath,
And sickness, too, they met,
And griefs ; yet, God ! the way they trod,
Thy mercy did beset.

Two hundred years ! — those precious tears
And watchings, want and pain,
Hid in that field, now freely yield
A thousand fold again.

O, Sire of Grace ! we of their race,
To whom their deeds are known, —
Our hopes fulfilled, this church do build
On Jesus Christ alone.

Thy Help our stay, be ours the way
Those ancient fathers trod ;
Our zeal, like theirs, our toils and prayers,
And ours the Pilgrim's God !

CHRIST RISEN.

DARKLY o'er thee, Palestine!
Hangs the dreadful veil of night;
Land of Shinar! grief is thine,
Quenched the glory of thy light.
Where is now the promise given
To thy sires of ancient day?
Where is now the lamp of heaven,
To direct the wanderer's way?

Ye who, favored, saw HIM, tell
Of his mien, beyond compare;
Ye who marked Him when he fell,
Say, was not the the Godhead there?
Yet he sunk beneath the rod —
Anguish sat upon his brow —
Men have triumphed in his blood,
And the marble holds Him now.

Wherefore then the golden beam
Springing up the eastern sky,
Bright, yet soft as Morning's dream,
When Night's empire passes by?
Wherefore then the choral hymn
Floating on the wavy air —
Why is rent the marble tomb? —
Jesus sleeps no longer there!

Takes He now immortal power —
Every foe beneath Him lies;

He has risen! — glorious hour!
We who sleep in Him shall rise.
Welcome Death! each sorrow closing,
Now thy features smiles do wear;
Welcome Grave! to flesh reposing,
Jesus is the victor there.

HYMN TO GOD.

ALMIGHTY Thou! although thy throne
Is arched above revolving spheres,
Though attributes are Thine alone
In number, countless as Thy years, —
Though 'neath Thy feet is darkness spread,
There the hushed thunders, trembling, lie —
Though, in thy Presence, fraught with dread,
The unveiled worshipper may die,

Yet we, O God! a feeble band,
In Jesus may acceptance claim;
Yet we, the creatures of thy hand,
May come, and breathe a Father's Name.
Lord of Assemblies! O inspire
Our hearts with eloquence of prayer;
From yonder temple waft the fire
That glows upon thine altar there.

While we approach the Mercy Seat,
Once hidden, but in Christ restored —
And tread, with unassuming feet,
The place of Holiest to the Lord, —

Hear Thou in heaven, and oh impart
Some ray that burns and cheers above,
The glory, telling where Thou art,
Dread Uncreate ! is Light and Love.

Thou art Almighty, — we are dust, —
Thou art All-seeing, — finite we,
In judgment erring, — Thou art just,
Fountain of Strength ! we draw from thee.
Shine on our worship, — Rise, thou Star
Of David, chase the night away !
Bid Faith's strong vision look afar
To Thee, the Light, the Truth, the Way !

THE CHINESE MISSION.

Go, minister of God,
To lands where soar pagodas in their pride,
The soil that pagan footstep long has trod,
And tell the story of a Saviour crucified.

Go to the clime of night,
Where, sullen, broods the darkness that is felt ;
And point those millions to the star of Light,
That burned and trembled once, above where Magi knelt.

Go, and amid the din
Of idol bells and heaving multitudes,
Teach erring men the anthem to begin,
That, whisperèd below, swells out in blest abodes.

Go — in this mortal strife
The Crucified, your Captain, leads before ;
Look ever to Him, — they are crowns of life
He gives ; win thou for Christ the Asiatic shore.

Go ! and in life's glad morn,
If wills the Master here, no more we meet —
With China's millions by his grace new born,
He'll gather thee and us unto His feet.

THE ISRAELITE'S PRAYER.

No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire.

Sir Henry Wotton, 1568.

O LORD ! at thy throne, a poor Israelite, kneeling,
In lowliness, comes with his prayer to thee now ;
With confidence, yet in emotion, revealing
The reverence that awes, as he ventures to bow.
Yet how shall he come ? for the cherubim's token
Is faded that waved once o'er Mercy's bright seat ;
By Urim and Thummim thy will is not spoken,
And darkness is where burned Shechinah ! thy feet.
No longer may he, on Samaria's mountain,
Bow down, nor to Zion of David repair ;
Siloa flows sweetly, yet songs by that fountain
Ascend not to thee, nor from Olivet prayer.
O, Thou ! that didst bring out thy chosen in power
From Pharaoh, we know that thou humbledst his pride,
Yet we, the delivered, are whelmed at this hour
As deep as his horsemen that sunk in the tide.

Forgive, O thou Just One! —our fathers in folly,
 Forsaking thy service, to idols did turn,
 And under the green tree, the myrtle and holly,
 On high places incense to Baal did burn ;*
 And thou didst reject them, and judgment succeeding
 To judgment, gave sign of the wrath of the Lord, —
 Their valiant men routed, their heritage bleeding, †
 Thou wentest no longer with buckler and sword.
 And now we are peeled, and a jest to the nations,
 And scattered among them as leaves that are sere ;
 With ashes are mingled our bitter oblations,
 The cup of our trembling is dashed with a tear.
 Yet think upon Abraham! — the oath that unto him
 Thou swear'st by Thy Greatness, none other so high, —
 And think on the seed that by faith thou didst show him,
 As countless as stars on the Syrian sky. ‡
 That oath is unbroken! that covenant never
 Could perish, though Thee have thy people forgot ;
 That seed is uncounted — by kingdoms wherever
 Did families cluster, and Israel not ?
 Thy "Zion," though homeless and humbled, "is written,"
 Thou graciously saidst, "in remembrance above ;"
 Her walls are before Thee, § and now that she's smitten,
 She turns to her Maker, and sues for His love.

* We acknowledge, O Lord, our wickedness, and the iniquity of our fathers. — *Jer.* xiv. 20.

† I have forsaken my house, I have left my heritage — they have made it desolate. — *Jer.* xii. 7, 11.

‡ And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou art able to number them ; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. — *Gen.* xv. 5.

§ Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands ; thy walls are continually before me. — *Isa.* xlix. 16.

Then, Lord, of her thousands, if here is one trusting
In Thee, that would come in contrition alone,
Wilt thou not accept him, and heal the heart bursting
With grief for its guilt, by a glance from the throne!
I search for the Prince of mysterious story, —
I gaze on the garden, the manger, and tree, —
The tomb of his victory — I find there his glory,
But *Him* in the mercy that looks upon me.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

If, in that world of spotless light,
Where good men dwell for ever,
Those, with whom here I took delight,
Shall greet my warm love never —
Its joys, which eye has seen not, ear
Heard not, will be most precious;
Yet loving those, the true loved here,
Would make heaven more delicious.

If, treading yonder crystal street,
Thoughts, linked with time, come o'er me,
And forms of earth I longed to greet
Should pass unknown before me;
My partner, with no glance of love —
My meek-eyed child, a stranger —
Should I not turn from heaven above,
A sad and silent ranger?

Thou, who didst give to Love's sweet star,
Below, its joyous lustre,
Canst bid its glories shine afar
Where best affections cluster ;
And I'll believe the bliss whose birth
Thou spakest so fair and vernal,
Undimmed, unfaded, here on earth,
Like Thee, will be eternal.

WAIT, WORKING !

WAIT thou on Jehovah ! instructively cries
The Psalmist of Israel to thee —
A guide to thy steps, and a light to thine eyes,
In darkness and doubt he will be.

Wait thou on Jehovah in poverty's hour —
Before him confidently stand
In meekness, and thee will the arm of his power
Exalt, to inherit the land.

Wait thou on Jehovah, when wealth, like a flood,
Rolls in, and still consecrate this,
In time of thy stewardship, wisely, to God,
Lest thou his inheritance miss.

Wait thou upon Him in importunate prayer,
And he will thy sacrifice own —
If with it 't is humbly and truly thy care
That labor is joined at the throne.

For poor is oblation where charity's not, —
Such formally waiting in vain
Will be found, at the last, on thy garment, a spot —
What ocean may wash out the stain?

In trials and blessings that meet thee, do thou,
While glad, or submissively still,
Rejoice in his love, to his providence bow,
And *work*, as thou *waitest* His will.

And thou, whose delight it may be, for thy Lord,
In his Sunday school still to be spent —
While scattering there the good seed of the Word,
Scan truly thy wish and intent.

Thou teachest another — has Wisdom *thee* taught
Thy folly and weakness to see?
And hast thou, in weeping and watchfulness, brought
Thy charge where the sinner should be?

In prayer dost thou wait, where, in secret, each face
Of thy class rises up to thy love —
And toil for these dear ones, believing that grace
Will guide them to safety above?

Wait in all on Jehovah! not passively wait;
With zeal be thou girded and shod —
Sitting down, rising up, in the house, in the gate,
Oh, *WORK*, as thou *WAITEST* on God!

His universe serves him; the shining ones touch
Their harps, as they wait his behest —
Obeyers, while waiting; we, too, may be such,
Who more than the angels are blest.

THE ADVENT.

WHY, on darkness of the night,
Streameth uncreated light?
Why, above the Eastern plains,
Tremble those melodious strains?
Who are those of perfect mould,
Wearing crowns and harps of gold?
Why is stayed each eager wing?
What's the glorious song they sing?
This is light from yonder throne,
These are strains from heaven alone,
These the errand cherubim,
These the praising seraphim,
And their song is of the plan
So just to God, so safe to man,
And of Him, who diadem
Leaving, comes to Bethlehem,
Mortals rescuing, sin-beguiled,
"Mighty God! mysterious Child!"
Hark! in symphony they play,
Golden strings repeat the lay;
An injured God, a frowning throne,
Mercy to the rebel shown!
Sweetly, each immortal chord
Tells of the descended Lord, —
The bleeding Lamb an offering made,
Earth restored, the pardon paid.
Praise Him! — when celestial wires
Waken, where are earthly choirs?

Praise Him! — when the hosts above
Laud Him, where is mortal love?
Praise Him! praise Him! who hath given
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

THE VOICE.

OH! what a Voice comes in the stilly hush
Of solemn twilight, when the world's loud rush
Is silenced! — and it speaketh sadly, then,
Of hours misspent, of folly wrought by men.
That Voice is heard amid the busy din
Of life. In toil and pleasure, deeds of sin
Long since forgotten, as accusers, come
Up to remembrance; awful is their sum!
That Voice! — where comes it not? — take wings,
take wings,
And still it follows with its tale of things
Thou lovèst not to dwell on, — in thick night,
Day, distance, yea, even now, unto thy flight
To dreary solitude and hurried throng, —
Telling that God is right, and thou art wrong.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY;

Near Philadelphia.

WHEN my spirit leaves the clay,
And the holy priest doth say
Over me, in humble trust,
“Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”
And this mortal — tribute paid —
In its narrow cell is laid,
Till it gladly, quitting tombs,
Immortality assumes, —
Be that refuge of the weary
In this lovely cemetery,
Or in scenes inviting one
To repose, his labor done,
As *these* kindly do invite
Me to tarry death’s long night.
Let me take my slumber, then,
Far from haunts of busy men,
In a spot as fair as this,
Where the playful breezes kiss
Early blossoms, fragrant flowers.
Let me, in such quiet bowers,
Find at last my resting place.
Flesh to grave, and soul to grace!
'Mid such peaceful Sabbath reigning,
'Mid such melancholy plaining
Of sweet birds above my head,
Would I tarry when I’m dead, —

Would I take my solemn ease,
 Till old Time his centuries
 Endeth. Let me in such ground,
 When the world breaks up, be found.
 Here I'd rather choose to lie
 Than in crowded charnels ; I
 Shudder at the thought of fingers
 Rudely handling that which lingers
 Of the mouldering form, and tossing
 Relics round, with jest and scoffing,
 As if they were vilest earth, —
 Making of corruption mirth.
 Far from violated tombs,
 Lay me where the laurel blooms, —
 Where the murmuring river flows
 With the cadence of repose.

Like a hermit would I steal
 Hither, where the vexing wheel
 Of the toiler is not heard, —
 Where the carol of the bird
 Mingles with the zephyrs' talk, —
 Where, at noon, the shady walk
 Beckons pilgrims, — where is found
 Room for lodgers of the ground ; —
 Where no sullen city wall
 Casts its shadows, like a pall, —
 Where no sacrilegious stir
 Mocketh at the slumberer, —
 Where the friend may sigh alone
 Over the recording stone,
 And lament of love be given
 Only unto pitying Heaven.

In these groves where Wisdom museth,
In this spot Religion chooseth,
Let me my appointed time
Wait, till stars no longer chime, —
Till the music of the spheres
Stops forever, and the ears
Of the breakers from the tomb
Hear the trumpet's call to doom.

HYMN TO GOD ON THOUGHTS.

It may be, from outbreking sin
Thy mercy hath me kept ;
I fear me lest o'er faults, within,
My spirit long hath slept.
Faults known to Thee — forgot by me ;
All unconfessed, unwept.

How far I am from outward act
Of grievous error free,
Unstained by damning vice, — the fact
My fellow men may see ;
Not these, not these ; — what I deplore
Is scanned alone by Thee.

And such — not all their wild extent
Can I of surety know,
How with my beating heart are blent
The pulses of the foe ;
Who courses in my purple flood,
And taints it in its flow.

Could I escape Thought's dreadful power,
 Nor creep to death its slave,
 I'd purchase one such angel-hour
 With life, and hail the grave ;
 Or, doomed to longer pilgrimage,
 Life's many woes would brave.

Could in these bitter waters be
 Some branch of healing cast,
 I'd murmur not, though yet by me
 A desert's to be past
 Of care and toil — not dreary sin —
 To Canaan's land at last.

'T is not of sickness I complain,
 Though this hath made me moan ;
 Bereavement wakes no angry strain,
 Though this, O God, I've known !
 I'd bear these chiders, as I've borne,
 For these are all thine own.

'T is not that thou hast scourged away
 My early, pleasant schemes,
 And on my plans of riper day
 Hast written, "*empty dreams* ;"
 And taught me earth's enchantment is
 Far, far from what it seems.

'T is not that to hope's flower of pride,
 Which grew within my door,
 A worm was sent ; the floweret died —
 And joyful hope is o'er.
 He whom I love is shipwrecked, tossed
 On seas without a shore.

'T is not that, daily, I may see
 How silent grief drinks up
Her life, who is my life to me,
 Who took with me that cup,
 And drained it to its dregs of pain ; —
 O, *few* such horrors sup !

I, foolish wanderer, truly know
 That these are well for me ;
 These are but blessèd guides to show
 The path that leads to Thee —
 Yea, in my greatest grief I count
 My greatest joy to see.

But 't is vain Thoughts that me perplex ;
 And sinful Thoughts, that rise
 Like clouds of troops, all armed, to vex
 My journey to the skies.
 O, how they muster, when my soul
 On heaven would fix her eyes !

And when I come to Thee in prayer,
 Hell knows the favored hour ;
 Lo, all its legion Thoughts are there,
 Impatient to devour !
 Yea, weeping at my Saviour's Cross,
 I feel their cruel power.

My God ! I cry to Thee in pain ;
 Thou art my hope at last ;
 Free me from the accursèd chain,
 So strongly round me cast, —
 And Thee I'll praise along my way,
 And when my journey's past.

Yet, "if to suit some wise design,"
I must be longer tried ;
And this stern trouble must be mine,
Perhaps to humble pride —
Help! ΤΗΟΥ, who, in Gethsemanè,
Temptation, sore, defied.

PALESTINE.

LONG hath the Crescent's glittering sign
On Salem's temple shone ;
Long hath Jehovah's awful shrine
Stood desolate and lone.

The tents of Midian tribes unblest
On Shinar's plains are spread ;
And wandering feet have rudely prest
The soil where Jesus bled.

But Shiloh comes to bless the land,
And Israel's tribes restore ;
Lo! Edom, with Assyria's band,
On Calvary shall adore.

Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,
And lands where Jordan flows,
With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

No more shall Zion's daughter mourn,
Or captive Judah sigh ;
Jehovah shall her walls adorn,
And bring his ransomed nigh.

AN OATH ON WOMAN'S LIPS!

THOUGH pouting out with youth and health,
'T would blast their rich and tempting red ;
I cannot join such living wealth
Of sweets with what is sour and dead.

An oath on Woman's lips ! — let *man*
Touch rudely, strings that jar above, —
She snaps the cords and breaks the plan
Of Heaven, by other word than Love.

An oath on Woman's lips ! — in vain
Her eyes are starry worlds of light ;
Her voice as when soft lyres complain,
Her skin of the celestial white ;

'T is lost to me. She only seems
The twofold wonder fables tell,
That charm and fright the sleeper's dreams —
An angel and a fiend of hell.

STAND AND SEE!

“And Moses said unto the people, ‘Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day.’” — EXODUS, xiv. 13.

STAND ye, on whom, in duty's path,
Innumerable open dangers press;
On whom awaits some secret scath,
Along the howling wilderness;
Stand still, and trust, and so shall ye
The fiery Cloud and Pillar see.

Stand ye, on whose devoted head
Stern poverty in tempest lowers;
Or chained to wasting sickness' bed,
Or counting melancholy hours,
Or shedding tears on love's lone grave, —
Stand, and behold an Arm to save.

Stand ye, between whose soul and Heaven
Is interposed the veil of fear,
That shuts out all the glory given
From God, to bless his children here.
O, wherefore did ye doubt his grace?
Look up and see your Father's face.

Stand ye, of every name, who wear
The colors of our common King —
His soldiers, hemmed, and faint, prepare
To see Him blest deliverance bring.
Up! through this Red Sea take your way,
And see Salvation's work to-day.

And stand, *my spirit!* — none like thee,
 Methinks, so apt to fear and fall;
 Rest on His mercy, who can free
 And ransom from the sinner's thrall.
 Who bids His goodness pass before
 The heart that pants to love him more.

Yet one more wilderness thou 'lt pass,
 And Mercy will conduct thee through,
 Till gladly on the Sea of Glass
 Thou 'lt stand, and serve, and worship, too.
 Till then, the victory expect,
 That crowns the host of God's Elect.

FALL ON US AND HIDE US!

WHEN the great captains and the mighty men
 Wail at the Judgement, and, to shun the ken
 Of searching Justice, call on rocks aloud —
 Yea, when earth's conquerors, the tall and proud,
 Shrink from His coming, and, as mountains quake,
 Their prayer to them in agony do make, —
 Whence is the terror? Wherefore quail these tremblers?
 Whose scorching glances trouble the dissemblers?
 Is it for Him who spake on Sinai? — Fear
 The guilty men, those guarding lightnings *here?*
 No! — thought dwells not upon Jehovah now;
 They heed not kindlings of the Father's brow;
 Too well they know, the anger that shall damn
 To outer darkness — *cometh from the Lamb!*

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

“THE WIDOW'S MITE!” — *who* ever saw —
Since Jesus saw — that wondrous sight,
Fulfilling all the royal law
To God and Man, “THE WIDOW'S MITE?”

And *who* for fame, or *who* for love
To body, intellect, or soul,
To man below, or God above,
Has yielded, since that hour, *the whole?*

Not one! not one! — the Jewish age
Has only such example shown;
It stands, a marvel, on the page
Of eighteen hundred years, alone.

“*She*, of her penury, gave her all,”
And shrank, in silence, from the crowd;
Thou canst thy gifts by hundreds call,
And set thy name among the proud.

Yet give! — but on thy deed do not —
So often done — a falsehood write;
Nor to foul avarice add the blot
Of naming it, “THE WIDOW'S MITE.”

Nor deem the blazoned gift of gold,
Or paltry alms that fears the light,
For “blest memorial” will be told,
Or *thought of*, as “THE WIDOW'S MITE!”

WHO CARES FOR JACK?

Who cares for Jack? — Not one, not one ;
Each has his selfish care, —
But for the friendless Sailor, none
Kind word or thought can spare.

Who cares that still alone is his
The ocean's rugged way ;
By night unquiet rest, and toil
And bitterness by day !

Who cares for Jack? — he has no friend
To soothe his weary woe ;
If tears are his, no *heart* is his
On which those tears may flow.

Who cares when pallid sickness bends
On him its angry frown,
Or when from the ship's plank he sinks
A thousand fathoms down ?

Who cares for Jack, — his voyage done ? —
The eager landlord cares ;

And to the utmost farthing strips
The victim of his snares ;
Yes, there are spoils along the deeps,
And ocean has its shoals, —
But the dry land has more than these —
The hopeless wreck of souls.

Hallo ! hallo ! the flag is up,
'T is nailed to yonder mast !
Thank God ! the Sailor's battered hulk
Is near THE BETHEL cast.

Hallo! hallo! a friendly port,
From cruel landsharks free;
Now, comrade, bear a hand, and look!
The SAILOR'S HOME for thee.

Here thou wilt meet with noble hearts,
A willing mess wilt share,
And none to mock thy true attempt
To seek thy God in prayer.
Who cares for Jack! The proud may not —
Yet when seas pass away
He, with a starry crown, may shine
More bright and pure than they.

CHILDREN'S WORSHIP.

FIRST VOICE.

O, TELL me, while the blessèd ones
Their wings in worship fold,
Discoursing words of melody
To instruments of gold —
While thousand thousands pass the praise,
Where kneeling ranks are seen,
And voices, as the talk of seas,
Are heard the songs between —
Why should the Saviour turn aside
From notes that ravish so,
And hearken, while inferior chords
Sound up from earth below?

SECOND VOICE.

Once, to the Lord, in Palestine,
Was sung an infant hymn,
When children of Jerusalem
Abashed the Sanhedrim,
And owned the lowly Teacher, who,
Incarnate, was from high,
Whom Jewish men nailed up in scorn,
With murderers to die.

Now, Lord of Glory, to His ear
Well pleasing is the song
That rises with the Sabbath sun,
From childhood's happy throng ;
For He that spans the rolling worlds,
And marks the seraph's way,
Will not disdain when infant years
His perfect will obey.

But kindly through departing skies
His shining way he rends,
To hear the early hymn that with
His upper music blends ;
Descending to the lowly praise
That breathes from lips of love,
Unmindful of the song that breaks
Around His throne above.

FIRST AND SECOND VOICES.

Then, while in blessedness we walk
Where angels never trod,
We'll give, with holy cheerfulness,
The humble heart to God.

On this the Saviour looketh down
From place of cherubim,
And for this worship leaves awhile
The everlasting hymn.

THE SAILOR'S BETHEL.

I BOWED within the house of prayer
That lifts a decent dome,
Whose starry standard told me where
The Sailor finds a home.

And there knelt weather-beaten forms,
The last of many a crew —
And cheerful youth, who scarce the storms
Of cold existence knew.

The preacher prayed, — Jack dashed the tear
From off his rugged face ;
The preacher plead, — Jack smiled, for Fear
To *Hope* had given place.

I've worshipped where cathedrals flung
Their arches o'er the proud ;
I've listened, when to organ rung
The anthem of the crowd ; —

But never in the brilliant aisle
Where rings and diamonds blazed —
And each vast pillar of the pile
Sublimely stood upraised, —

Such fellowship of heaven have felt,
As when, beneath that dome,
With Ocean's hardy sons I knelt,
And found myself at home.

HIS PATH IS THE OCEAN, HE MAKETH HIS DWELLING.

His path is the ocean, he maketh his dwelling
Where tempests are cradled, and winds rudely blow ;
His joys, like the billows he buffets, now swelling,
And now like to them sunk forgotten below.

On land with his messmates to share he is willing,
By veterans in wickedness easily led ;
He's fleeced, cast adrift, when is gone the last shilling,
The sky for his covering, the pavement his bed.

By perils, by watchings, by misery broken,
Of the world he is weary, though few are his years ;
Does he sigh for a *better* ! — to him none has spoken
Of the clime where forever are wiped away tears.

In penury now, and in dread of the morrow,
He's friendless, forsaken, and haggard, and mean ;
The jest of the thoughtless, he lingers in sorrow,
Till Death kindly enters and closes the scene.

And such is the Mariner ! — such *was* he, rather,
Till justice had taught us our duty to him ;
Now gladly and freely, life's comforts we gather
Around his rough course, so long dreary and dim.

Life's comforts! — O yes, and to him shall be given,
From hearty benevolence here running o'er
The Chart that directs the poor wanderer to heaven —
The Star that shines out on Eternity's shore.

In storms shall rise sweetly the Sailor's devotion,
His song in the calm of the beautiful sea,
In Bethels ashore, in his toil on the ocean,
To God, who the God of the lowly will be.

NONE SAVED BY MY CARE.

THE judgement day! the judgement day!
When flaming worlds will haste away, —
If mine it is that day to stand,
A ransomed one, at Thy right hand, —

How could I gaze upon the throng
That wake on golden lyres the song,
If none, that day, the rapture share,
Led by my love and labor there?

While spirits, each to each, would tell
Of weal and woe that here befell,
Should I not, from the frowning throne,
Wander in heaven, unblest, alone?

While life is lent, before that day
Draws on, when toil is past away,
Let me, well learned the heavenly road,
Lead others the same path to God.

THE STAR OF JESUS.

WHEN o'er long night the bursting dawn
 In youthful bloom appeared —
When angels hymned the rising morn,
 And songs in heaven were heard —
Amid the burning orbs that gemmed
 Jehovah's viewless throne,
In native glory diademed,
 One Star was seen alone.

O'er Palestine, fair Solyma,
 Benignantly serene,
Precursor of a brighter day,
 The harbinger was seen.
The captive saw the symbol shine —
 His broken fetters fell ;
The Shepherd marked the peerless sign
 That told Immanuel.

In latter time, we view it burn
 With undiminished ray ;
It leads the Pagan's glad return,
 It cheers the wanderer's way.
On sea and land, at home, afar,
 Its beam to Peace inclines ;
From East to West, the holy Star,
 The Star of Jesus shines.

FOR AMERICA.

GOD — of earth the only Ruler —
Why should earth forget thee so!
God of nations, shall the nations
Thee, their only Ruler, know?

Old dominions, proud dominions —
How they rose, the boast of men!
But they knew not God, and therefore
Sank they into dust again.

Where art thou, imperial Tyre?
City from the ocean won —
Hundred-gated Thebes and Memphis,
Nineveh and Babylon?

God, ~~how~~ slow to learn are nations!
Else should *we* have spelled thy Name;
In their end have read thine anger; —
Grant that ours be not the same.

New Republics, tall Republics,
Homes of free and fearless men —
As the ancient, proud dominions,
Thou wilt sink to dust again,

If they know Thee not. — O Ruler,
Let not *ours* forget Thee so;
God of nations, let our nation
Thee, its only Ruler, know!

THE FLAG OF THE CROSS.

BENEATH thy folds, O holy Cross!
The gallant vessels trimly go;
Joy at the helm — delay or loss
Such heavenly voyage may never know.

The ships of Tarshish trooping first,
As clouds and homeward doves are seen;
The leaping Hebrew treads the dust
Of long lost, lovely Palestine.

I see thee waving from the prow
Where herald-feet in beauty are;
To dying nations bearing now
The healing beams of Jacob's Star.

A thousand thousand masts display
To wondering realms, thy sacred sign;
I see it stream o'er sea and bay,
From either Arctic to the Line.

I see thee float where warriors rushed,
At hell's alarum, to the strife; —
And rusting swords, and tumults hushed,
Tell only of the Prince of Life.

Foes tremble, as from tower to tower
They mark thy glorious signal fly;

Saints upward look ; they know the hour
Of their redemption draweth nigh.

O God, the hour speed on ! speed on !
When sin's tall wave shall wildly toss
Thy Church no more ; when, conflict done,
She 'll sing of victory 'neath the Cross.

THE WARRIOR-SONG OF PRAYER.

COME Warriors ! to the earnest fray ;
Enlisted ye for life,
Ye must be up for Christ, to-day ;
All eager for the strife.

Your swords all keen, your swords all bright,
Your breast-plates girded on —
Gather ye to the glorious fight ;
A Kingdom must be won.

Come on, as mail-clad veterans do,
And let the work be warm ;
Your weapons are not frail nor few, —
Take heaven itself by storm.

No fear ! — *who* fears ? — God's tallest towers,
'T is yours, in faith, to scale ;
And He, himself, will nerve your powers
Against them to prevail.

In His Name venture rock and crag ;
The coward only falls ; —
Come on ! He 's honored when your flag
Is planted on his walls.

Yes, to the shout of victor-cheer,
That, conquerors, ye shall bring —
God will bestow approving ear,
And vanquished Heaven will sing !

THE ANGEL'S WING.

There is a German tradition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph.

AND why should wisdom smile at this ?
Are not those perfect beings nigh,
To witness and to share our bliss,
To hear and hush the secret sigh ?
Yes, they may Heaven's solace bring,
Then scorn not thou, the Angel's Wing !

Thou ! who, alone, thyself dost deem
A solitary in thy grief —
List ! soft as footfall of a dream,
Comes one to bear thee sweet relief ;
And fled is all thy hoarded care,
The passing Seraph's Wing is there !

Thou, who, forgiven, dost possess
The penitent's intense delight,
When the dark cloud of guilt's distress
Reveals to thee its edge of light, —
Think! as unhallowed tempests fly,
Thy soul is touched, the Wing is nigh!

And thou, of contemplative mood,
Who dost at eve in wild woods stray,
Where nought of this world may intrude,
When fancy might in others play,
And hearest the voice that zephyr flings —
No! 't is the rush of Angel Wings.

Oh, I have paused a space, as 't were,
Bewildering thoughts to gather up, —
To put aside the draught of care,
And taste of Mind's exalted cup;
Nor knew what o'er my soul could bring
Such calmness, was the Seraph's Wing.

When brooding tempters caused me shame,
And in its company of sin
My spirit sat — the Angel came,
And swept with Wings the heart within;
A moment made its circuit there,
And broke my silence into prayer.

I knelt beside my precious boy,
Who went, at childhood's fairy time,
My hope, my life, my being's joy —
From this to Love's unclouded clime;
And, while around wept pitying men,
Rejoiced — the Angel touched me then!

And at my own departing hour,
When earth recedes and follies fly,
To comfort me with heavenly power
Descend! some herald of the sky —
And while of victory I sing,
Bear me away on upward Wing!

REVIVAL.

In our secret souls we know it,
Griefs confess and joy doth show it,
Lowly sigh and quiet tear
Tell, the Holy Ghost is here!

Simeon's song from old men, now,
Lisping praise from children, now,
Young men bowed, the influence feeling,
Maidens, in their meekness, kneeling —

Faltering hymn, and broken prayer,
Moanings of the heart's despair,
Peace, revealed, of pardoned sin,
Tell, the Spirit is within!

MINISTERING.

“ If Jesus were still a man of sorrows, not having where to lay his head, Piety might spread him a table and provide him a home, Affection might weave for him the seamless garment, or break the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, for his burial. Poverty herself might wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with her hair. Wealth might find him a new sepulchre, hewn in the rock, where never man was yet laid. And as a final act of homage, Gratitude might bring her spices and ointments, about a hundred pounds weight, as the manner was of the Jews to bury.” — *Decapolis*.

O SAVIOUR! wert thou now below,
’T would be my joy to follow thee ;
Where thou wouldst lead, I ’d freely go,
And naught should keep my Lord from me.

I ’d haste to serve thee; and to wait
In humblest duty at thy feet,
Prefer to thrones of mortal state,
Or e’en a burning seraph’s seat.

How sweet to minister to Thee,
Who once our earth in pity trod !
How blest, a household guest, to see
The Man of grief, the very God !

Yet though I cannot do as they
Who waited on thy earthly need —
To serve thy heavenly state I may ;
And minister to thee indeed.

I may bring thee the soul undone,
That ne'er before had sought thy face ;
I may win home a wretched one,
Who far has wandered from thy grace.

Thou wouldst be honored more, by toil
Of mine to save some erring soul,
Than if I could the countless spoil
Of worlds submit to thy control.

Thou wouldst discern more real love
In act of mine, the lost to gain,
Than if such praise as peals above
I gave thee — could I peal such strain.

Then let me ne'er lament, that I
May nothing do for thy dear Name,
While deathless ones are near to die,
While sons of God are heirs of shame.

MINISTERS.

HE who medicines the Sick
Will himself diseasèd be,
If for self he use no trick
Baffling the infirmity ;
Lo ! his patient laughs at Death ;
Lo ! the victory he doth win ;
All the while Fever's breath
Unaware, he sucketh in.

He who ministers to hearts
Rotten with infectious guilt,

Sees decay his own good parts,
Sees his wounded graces wilt,
If unwonted Unction's power
Feedeth not the holy flame ; —
Woe for *self* the evil hour
Given to *others'* Sin and Shame !

He who soundeth Mercy's call,
And doth *others'* hearts unlock
While *his own* is stupid, shall
Find his own become a rock !
He who *other* vineyard keepeth,
— Noting half the Master's rule —
O'er *his own* — a sluggard — sleepeth,
Cheats himself, and is a fool !

ANNUAL CONCERT OF PRAYER FOR THE WORLD.

Now up ! ye that have interest
In Heaven's holy love, —
Ye that for Zion travail sore,
Look to her Help above.
And up ! ye Christian men and true,
And to the throne repair,
And storm and take it in the bold
Conspiracy of prayer.

Not for a single household, Christ
Calls out his ranks to day ;
Not for a town or province ye
Are marshaled up to pray ;

The trumpet is for mighty lands ;
And we have flag unfurled,
And girded sword, by countless bands,
In struggle for a world.

And not alone, or few, are we ;
From sultry Orient's shore,
A cry has reached God's majesty
That rent the West before.
And where Pacific's corals lie,
From Smyrna and Japan,
From London and Jerusalem,
The cry goes up for man.

Not prayer and praise alone ! — your *gifts*
Upon the altar lay ;
Who gives not, cannot for a world
Importunately pray.
Give of abundance ; give ye, too,
By poverty opprest ;
Here, if at all, the widow's mite
Hath honor o'er the rest.

Up! ye that signs discern, in crowds ;
There's muttering in the air ;
Up! for the bow is on the clouds,
The storm has past at prayer.
And while the worldling asks for wealth,
Ambition for its goal,
We, at that open Mercy seat,
Will wrestle for the soul.

THE CLEANSING.

“Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money sitting; and when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers’ money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto those that sold doves, Take these things hence.” — JOHN ii. 13: 16.

MESSIAH saw within
The holy court
Of his own Temple, grievous sin,
Traffic and mummery and sport.

The money changers sat,
Watching for gain,
Stout oxen, sheep, lambs, sleek and fat,
That should in sacrifice be slain.

He drove out beast and men
Forth to the day;
And to the fair dove-sellers then
Said, gently, “Take these things away.”

How could a corded whip
Expel those thence,
Wielded by *one*, — and not a lip
Move, nor an arm in fierce defence?

’T was not the feeble rod
That made the rout:
They saw his *eye* — they knew the God, —
The *present* God, then flashing out!

THE REFORMED INEBRIATE'S PRAYER.

O GOD, that I no longer lie
In horrid depths of sin and shame,
Degraded, reckless, ruined — I
Owe unto thee. — I bless thy Name!
My fellow-men had cast me out
To perish; and the brutal shout
Was all I heard to comfort me.
I saw but scorn, — I worship Thee!

There's joy where rained but tears before;
This withered heart revives! — 't is warm!
Long tossed, I touch at last the shore,
And from my soul has passed the storm.
My wife! — she never lived till now!
My girl! — ha! here's a quiet brow;
My boy, with love above his years,
A father's frown no longer fears.

Restored, I take his lawful place,
Who well fulfils great Nature's plan;
I tremble at no mortal's face;
I write myself, to-day, A MAN!
Whereas in sin I once was lost,
A foolish wanderer, vexed and crossed —
I'm found! I'm found! — I lift my head,
Who lately lay among the dead.

I joy! I triumph! yet I *fear!*
I am but dust, thou knowest, Lord;

If Thou who led'st me, *leav'st* me *here*,
I falsify my plighted word.
That broken vow the entering wedge
Will be to deeper guilt. — THE PLEDGE,
If kept, an *angel*, nigh, will be ;
If broke, a *devil* unto me !

What can I do, if Cunning wear
The mask of Wisdom, and to pass
The weary hours, with smiles declare,
There 's nothing like the social glass ?
This I 'd resist — put down — but what
If from the cleansing yet one spot
Escaped — and lurks some inward will —
The leprosy remaining still !

What, if in an unguarded hour,
I, left alone in Virtue's pride,
And seeing not the tempest lower,
And hearing not the coming tide, —
Beneath the Pledge my fortunes screening,
All-proudly on my own works leaning,
Should find how insufficient all
My feeble arm can do — and *fall* !

Fall ! never, never, to regain
My station ; — hope forever crost ;
On wife, and child, and self, a stain
Written in tears of blood, — *all lost* !
O God, it must not, cannot be :
It will not, if I trust in thee ;
Then as Thou art, be still my friend,
And keep me EVEN TO THE END.

He that had been possessed, and whom
The Saviour did from chains unbind, —
The living inmate of the tomb,
Clothed, and restored to his right mind —
Put up *one* prayer* — his prayer is *mine* !
O Jesus, that I may be Thine ;
That where Thou art I may abide,
Clinging, a child, to Thy dear side.

A THOUGHT IN NONANTUM VALE, BRIGHTON.

I WALK among the plants and flowers, —
The air is charged with sweets ;
I live, as this Arabian gale
My fainting spirit greets.

I go : — my garments bear away
The fragrance on them laid ;
And with their many-voiced perfumes
Tell where to-day I've strayed.

And so the soul that seeks delight
In interview with God,
And hath His garden of chief spice,
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, trod,

Will find, wherever he may go,
The fragrance with him stay ;
And Heaven, still lingering on his steps —
More odorous than May.

* St. Mark, v. 18.

EARTH.

SEVEN* planets keep around the sun
Diurnal annual course ;
Attraction's law obey as one,
As one, Repulsion's force.
Seven planets sing, all night, all day,
" Who made us is divine ;
None sees us, on our spangled way,
In *equal* beauty shine.

To six, no tidings ever flew
Of Pity strong to save ;
The Maker's tread they never knew,
Nor lent their God a grave.
The seventh saw His diadems
On Mary's Offspring rest ;
Earth, as she journeys, wears the gems
His blood and tears impressed."

If thus His penury gilds our Earth,
Where wept and wandered He,
What splendors, where He's crowned, have birth !
How glorious Heaven must be !
O God, to live and love below,
That we may Him adore
Where all thy saints, as suns, shall glow,
When planets shine no more !

* I take the seven, known only at the close of the last century.

THE SCAPE-GOAT.

“And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness; and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited.”—*Leviticus*, xvi. 21, 22.

AWAY to the desert the Scape-Goat flies;
On him the sin of the people lies;
Confession is made with the laying of hands,
And he bears the transgression to desolate lands.

To desolate lands, with an errand of woes,
And a curse for his burden, the fugitive goes;
And none may stay him on his path —
The heavily-prest with Jehovah's wrath.

Now, Israel! be glad; — let the timbrel and song
Through thy tents the thank-offering of music prolong;
From sin and transgression and bale thou art free,
From the cherubim God communeth with thee.

'Tis past! and the altar no longer is red
With blood, or with flame of the sacrifice fed;
The Scape-Goat, no longer with burden of woes,
And the curse due for sin, to the wilderness goes.

And where are the sinning nations now?
Do earth's kingdoms no more to idolatry bow?
Transgression and crime, are they found not with us?
And who shall bear off the burden of curse?

No Aaron is here with the laying of hands
On the goat that conveys to desolate lands
The guilt of the people, without and within,
To leave them released from the thralldom of sin.

Did Israel return to his folly again?
Type, symbol, and substance — for him were they vain?
Where shall the wild Gentile appear in his pride,
When the olive of God even withered and died?

O Priest of Melchizedek! only to Thee
Appealing he looks — for Thou only canst free;
Not a family, tribe, nor a nation alone —
For a WORLD that has wandered thy blood can atone.

In the Garden, on Thee, all its guilt that had past,
And all that the future uncounted could cast,
Was confessed, when the hands of Infinite Power
Were laid on the Infinite in agony's hour.

On the Cross, Thou didst take it, and bear it away
To lands, where dark Death and Corruption have sway,
And though fanned in their triumph by arrogant wing,
Thou saw'st not their reign, and thou knew'st not their sting.

To that Cross, in my sorrow, dear Saviour, I fly,
Assured by the mercy that beams from thine eye,
That from sin, by thy suffering, forever made free,
I am safe, Blessèd Sacrifice! only with Thee.

THE PULPIT STAIRS OF RURUTU.

“The last pulpit that I ascended in the Society Islands, was at Rurutu, where the rails, connected with the pulpit stairs, were formed of warriors' spears.” — *Rev. Mr. Ellis, Missionary to the Society Islands.*

BARBARIANS of the Southern Sea,
As the wild waters round them, free,
Were slaves to folly, fear, and sin ;
What could *such* to Religion win ?

They knelt to idols carved of stone ;
To fish and fowl, to block and bone ;
They entered hell to find a god
Worse than the rest, and gave him blood.

The mother dug, with fierce delight,
For one, just new to this world's light,
A grave, — and she, a devil, vampt,
The earth *upon the living* stampt.

The son led out his old, sick sire,
Where waves come in and waves retire,
And left him for their rage to sweep
Into the black, returnless deep.

All ranks pollution understood ;
To search its dreadful depths seemed good ;
Daughter and sister, father, son,
To work its evil work were won.

Warrior on warrior made attack ;
Death followed fast the arrow's track ;
And those whom battle spared, were doomed
To be in human gorge entombed.

By Cruelty and bloody Lust,
By Drink, inflaming cursèd thirst,
By Sickness, War, and Want were they
Death and Destruction's easy prey.

Knew they not GOD? — deemed they that Fate
Had formed them for malignant hate?
Their sentient thousands brought to birth,
Objects of the Creator's mirth?

Knew they not GOD? — and glowed no hint
Of Goodness in his sunrise tint?
Knew they not GOD? — nor saw confessed
Forbearance in his sunset west?

Knew they not God! — They might have seen
His beauty in the glorious green
Of these fair islands ; — heard his voice
In Nature's song, that bade " Rejoice ! "

And witnessed, in the soil they trod,
Heaved up in coral wonder — GOD!
And marked his footsteps, bathed in wrath,
On the volcano's fiery path.

Yet HE, who these bright isles had cast,
Gems on HIS robe of waves — The Past,
The Present, Future, Known, Unknown,
Who wheels on willing worlds His throne,

Who, on *our* virgin world of bliss
Prest, when He made it, Love's first kiss,
And 'mid his angels' glad acclaim,
"Good!" only "Good!" pronounced its name,

Was here unnamed; — though every hill
Its Maker knew; each conscious rill,
Leaping and sparkling, told of HIM;
Morn's blush, and Evening's twilight dim

Proclaimed the God; — these valleys rung,
In music, "GOD!" Pacific sung,
"GOD!" mountain, mead, rill, rock, replied,
"GOD! GOD!" — they heard not, raved and died. —

Till missionary's feet made glad
The solitudes, by sin made sad;
Till apostolic feet to view
Was beautiful on Rurutu!

Till songs to CHRIST took place of cries
Shrieked o'er the monarch's sacrifice;
Till tears were seen his robe to gem,
Outshining his starred diadem.

Now speaks Redemption's herald — spears
Flash round him! Cease, ye busy fears!
Festooned are they in comely rails, —
The Word of Promise never fails!

Memorials, they, where thousands kneel,
Of wounds, that only Grace can heal;
Reminding of the Spear that slays,
And brings to life, when man obeys.

Harmless of blood, they fence the place
Where beams with heaven the teacher's face ;
Nor, like the sword of Eden, burning,
Hinder one wanderer from returning.

Barbarians of the Southern Sea,
Or Northern continents, though free
As fiends incarnate are to sin —
Grace, that has won *my* soul, can win !

PATIENT BECAUSE ETERNAL.

YEA, thou forbearst, Lord,
Thou renderest not reward
 Due to my sin.
Thou knowest all my heart,
Yet with me patient art,
 Me, vile within !

Though irritable these
My passions are, — like seas
 Raging aloud, —
Tempests that mock control,
Vexing my weary soul,
 Yet am I *proud*.

Yea, proud — though of a day
That's vanishing away ;
 Lord, I would learn
Meekness of thee, and bear
Whate'er thou send'st of care,
 Nor trials spurn.

Rebelliously doth flesh
Involve me in the mesh
Of hurtful strife ;
Within my nature dwell
The sparks that kindle hell ;
Help — for my life !

Like touchwood, I the flame
Do catch. Lord, 't is with shame
My shame I own.
Bathe me anew in blood
That gushes in rich flood,
Fast from thy throne.

Thou Wast ! Thou Art ! Wilt Be !
Vouchsafe to lesson me
To bear thy will.
From open foes, false friends,
And all thy love intends,
Submissive still.

Even as thy blessèd Son,
The meekly suffering One,
The Deity —
Patient, when woke the sword,
From whom fell never word
Vindictively.

Who did not inward fret
When sorely Him beset
The powers infernal ;
Most patiently who cried,
Most patiently who died,
Because Eternal !

I'LL LOOK TO THEE.

I'LL look to Thee, my Saviour! when

The gales of fortune gently blow,
And every good, esteemed of men,
It is my privilege to know.

I'll look from altars, whereon lie

The coals of earth's imperfect fire,
To that bright Source beyond the sky,
Which burns intenser, holier, higher.

I'll look to Thee, when sorrows press

With awful weight upon my head, —
A wanderer in this wilderness,
Alone, or with the joyless dead.

When hope still sleeps, and wakeful thought

Preys on its hoarded misery,
Even then, by thy sweet precept taught,
In tears I'll only look to Thee.

I'll look to Thee, when sickness pales

This brow, and wastes this frame away;
When strength departs and spirit fails,
And all my inward powers decay.

Yea, at the hour when nature faints

In its last mortal agony,
Strong in the Refuge of the saints,
I'll look to Thee, I'll look to Thee.

THE CRY.

WOULDST thou be cleansed from every taint
Of grievous and defiling sin?
And is it truly thy complaint
That Vileness lurks within?

And do thy heart-strings wail thy woe?
And pants thy spirit to be free?
And do outbreathings hourly go
For perfect purity?

Alone, alone, and passion-tost; —
Though rescued from Destruction's brink,
Still on the seas where souls are lost,
And fearing thou shalt sink.

Spake unto thee, the Voice that charmed
Judea's waters once to rest —
And is not *all* the tempest calmed
To silence in thy breast?

Hear! — for 't is easy to the heart,
That meekly sits, of Christ to learn;
Words, that to darkness light impart,
In such shall clearly burn.

Below thy raging sins sink down,
Nor heed their stormy strife above;
Thou shalt not meet a Saviour's frown
Within his arms of love.

Down, down in dust! — the only place
For lips that press despair's full cup; —
Thence the strong arm of Sovereign Grace
Shall quickly raise thee up.

Humility, at Jesus' feet,
In wondrous beauty stands confest; —
Take by thy Lord the lowest seat,
A weeping, welcome guest.

'T was on the mount the pilgrim* grew
A boastful man, and proud and vain, —
But in the vale he had Sin's view,
And was a child again.

Trust Him who *saves*, to *cleanse* thy soul;
To limit boundless Love, beware!
Grace, that begins, completes the whole;
To prove it, be thy care.

“For holiness!” goes up thy cry?
'T was mine, is mine, and still shall be; —
Yet, when I'm humble, Christ is nigh,
And blessèd purity.

* Pilgrim's Progress.

BEAUTY.

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks. — *Ruth.*

MODEST Beauty praises God,
When it sends its glance abroad,
With a look of cheerfulness ;
Beauty doth the Giver bless,
When its roses show the hue
Of bright health, with lip of dew,
And religion of a face
Where is written all of grace.
What a holy hymn is ever
With a sweet expression blent !
Sending music up, that never
Skillless, soulless Art hath sent ;
Rendering worship, such as we
In the lines of Beauty see.
From the eye of diadems,
From the mouth of pearls and gems,
From the smile of calm delight —
Beaming intellectual light, —
From the nameless, charming whole
That holds empire in the soul —
Doth in harmony arise
Beauty's homage to the skies.

DIRGE FOR HARRISON.

Sung at Newton, on the day of the National Fast, 14th May, 1841, in commemoration of the death of President Harrison.

GIVEN is to earth its treasure ;
Relics ! slumber in the dust ;
Yielded is to God the spirit, —
Spirit ! mingle with the Just.

“ Earth to earth ” — if *this* were only
Wailing in our hymns of woe,
God, what darkness thy creation,
Soulless, hopeless, lost, would know !

In that cry, in yonder palace,
Spirit unto spirit calls ;
See ! the Reaper lays the Mighty, —
Yet the body only falls.

Not a city, not a province —
’T is a nation hears the rod ;
Awful is the lesson taught us ; —
O Appointer ! THOU ART GOD !

Humbled at the throne of Heaven,
Whose rebuke a people feel —
Let the tear for sin be given,
Where, to-day, our millions kneel.

Warrior ! Chieftain ! Statesman ! Ruler !
Honor heaped upon thy brow —
Filled Ambition's golden chalice —
What are these ! and what art thou !

Father ! Brother ! Patriot ! Christian !
Titles graven on the heart, —
These are names by which we know thee,
These and thou can never part.

Given is to earth its treasure ;
Relics ! slumber in the dust ;
Yielded is to God the spirit, —
Spirit ! mingle with the Just.

THE DEATH-BED.

SHE had his holy influence felt,
Who woos with strong, yet gentle call ;
And, yielding, to her Lord had knelt,
And freely, gladly, given him all.
So deemed she, and so others deemed ;
The world believed her as she seemed.

Yet not to self was self revealed ;
Deceived even there, where Christians pray,
Where Mercy oft its own hath sealed,
Not in the open face of day, —
Her wanderings had beginning where
Arose the formal, closet prayer.

She lost her love — a grievous loss !
Though reckoned as of small account
By lukewarm followers of the cross,
Who seek not, prize not, Tabor's mount.
Who from its wondrous glories turn
To where earth's little cressets burn.

Yet, sometimes troubled conscience woke ;
She more than doubted all was wrong ;
Where was the joy she knew, when broke
Light on her darkness? where the song,
When she salvation's highway trod,
A pilgrim-maid, betrothed to God?

Why shunned she thus the speech of those
Who talked of Christ, and loved the theme ?
Why left she thus the Rock, whence flows
Answer in one perpetual stream —
Where sisters in their circle meet,
And hearts are mingled at his feet ?

O'er wanderings that no worldling knew,
And by the Saviour's friends unseen,
She, blinded and presumptuous, threw
The self-deceiver's failing screen.
From her own heart her heart to hide,
She, leaving God, conferred with Pride.

And yet no overt act of sin,
To scandalize the church, was there ;
She wore the semblance that could win
Others, and to herself was fair.
Mild, modest, courteous, free from strife,
Of good report, of blameless life.

She sat, as thousands sit, to hear
The holy gospel's trumpet blown ;
Like thousands, she that feast drew near,
Spread only for the Saviour's own.
And who might judge? — who dare to say
She was not truly sealed as they ?

She lived, as *thou*, false one, dost live ;
Had hopes as strong, as bright, as *thine* ;
Such evidence as *thou* canst give
Was hers of claim to life divine ;
Alternate joys, alternate tears,
Ecstatic visions, shadowy fears.

Till that "detector of the heart,"
A DEATH-BED, came! — They looked to see
How a young Christian might depart,
How put on immortality.
They gathered round to mark the power
Of Faith, in nature's trial-hour.

Mysterious Faith, which bids the old
Tread that dark vale without alarm,
And to the youngest of the fold
Shows the kind Shepherd's helping arm,
Who leads the lambs a gentle way,
Where flowerets bloom and waters play.

How could *she* hail the blessèd state
That never won her earnest care?
How could firm Faith a death-bed wait,
Where Love stood not attendant there,
Ready at the first word to fly,
And bear its precious charge on high?

What saw they! — fear, beyond the fear
Which those who lean on Christ should know,
Who have His promise to be near
In Jordan's deepest overflow ;
Who at the grave of victory sing ;
Who ask of baffled Death his sting.

What heard they? — sounds that never fall
From lips by sweet forgiveness prest,
When saints on Jesus faltering call,
And sleep in Jesus, truly blest ;
When near them are the convoy-band,
And glory from the "better land."

Despair gave meaning to those eyes,
Whose lustre mocked the film of death ;
Despair gave terror to those cries,
That struggled with the struggling breath ;
"O God! O God! art *thou* so nigh?
I cannot! — no, I WILL NOT DIE!"

She died — she died *so* poor, who yet
Had hopes, *like thine*, of treasure stored ;
She died — she, *starving*, died, who met,
Like thee, with Christ around his board.
Stand *thy* best hopes on *surer* ground?
Hast *thou* in truth, a Saviour found?

CHILDREN ARE BLESSED FOR THEIR PARENTS' SAKE.

To saved ones that dwell in the bowers of heaven,
Where smiles are not dimmed by the frequent tear,
With bliss that's unfading, for ever is given
Freedom from fears which preyed on them here.
Earth past — they, unheeding its laugh or its care,
Joy not in its joys, sorrow not for its woe, —
Ever soaring and singing, the glorified there
Never notice the weary or weeper below.

Yet when the happy in brightness is kneeling
To Him who maketh the darkness his seat, —
And love and humility sweetly revealing,
Is casting the crown at Immanuel's feet —
Though he museth not there on the one he has left
In sin to mourn, in the flesh to stay, —
The child, of a friend, a father bereft,
Wandering alone in the perilous way, —

Think ye not, then, the eye that ne'er sleepeth,
Is resting in kindness and care on that son?
That God, who the seed of the righteous keepeth,
Guards, and will guard him, till toiling is done?
Oh, surely, the sighs and the prayers of the good
For children, are heard in their confident trust;
And Heaven replies as no parent could,
When lips that breathed them are sealed in dust.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY.

HE traverses the fertile fields
Of pleasant Maryland ;
And in the Old Dominion
Doth the Missionary stand.
In sunny Carolina's
Pine and cotton ground,
By the flooded rice-plantation,
The journeyer is found.
Along the fervid plains
Of Georgia, not delaying,
Among the growth of canes
Of Alabama, straying.
And onward, onward goeth he,
Unwearied in his way,
Till hoarsely thunders on his ear
The surging Florida.

He climbs the Alleghany's side,
And seeth from its crown
Ohio's ever busy tide
To ocean sweeping down.
He tempts the waters — on he hies,
A transitory guest —
And open to his joyous eyes
The splendors of the West.
By vineyards and by villages,
By island groups that gem
The river, by the wooded slopes —
He stayeth not for them.

Nor pauseth he at Grave creek,
Nor measureth the mound, —
There are dead beyond that ought to live,
And lost that must be found !

Nor minds he Marietta's sheen,
Nor Blannerhasset's isle ;
Nor where, confessedly a queen,
Doth Cincinnati smile.
Kentucky sees the traveller,
And in her settlements
He speaketh, as he journeyeth,
Of glorious intents.
And Indiana hears him ;
Anon, his cheerful voice
Breaks on the flowery prairies
Of distant Illinois.
Upon him vast Missouri
Bursts like a virgin world ;
And gorgeous Louisiana,
Where commerce is unfurled.

And wherefore from Atlantic comes
The traveller, and whence
The errand that he must impart
Before he goeth hence ?
Why is the Southron's country trod
By him who needeth rest ?
Why seeks that zealous man of God
The valley of the West ?
From Alleghany to the sea,
From ocean to the lake —

From where its solemn echoes
Niagara doth wake —
To pour the sunlight of the sky
Upon the uncultured wild,
To show the love that God on high
Hath for the little child !

Where nods the giant sycamore,
Where grows the wild papaw,
To rear the floweret that from Heaven
Its nutriment shall draw.
To stud the boundless prairie
With trees of Lebanon,
To pierce the noble forest depths
With glances of the SUN ; —
To speak of Jordan's healing
Where Oregon doth rise —
Of Calvary, where the rocky hills
Are towering to the skies.
Where'er a blade of grass is seen,
Where'er a river flows,
To bless that waiting heritage
With Sharon's living rose.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

I STOOD beside his dying bed,
His clammy hand was clasped in mine, —
And if there 's hope, look up, I said ;
He dropt a tear, but *made no sign.*

I asked him of his misspent years, —
He had but reached to manhood's prime, —
And oh, what griefs, and guilt, and fears
Trooped where he stood on shores of Time!

For he to drink had yielded up
His intellect and noble strength;
And now the demon of the cup,
Exulting, claimed his prey at length.

I spoke, then, of the broken law,
Of ONE who had the forfeit paid,
And that his faith might strongly draw
On Him, the Merciful, for aid.

Renounce thy sins, and loathe thy life,
So wearily to folly given;
And He will calm thy bosom's strife,
And He will lift thy soul to heaven.

He cried, "What shall a sinner do!"
He wept, — "What dreadful doom is mine!"
His face was changed; despair, I knew,
Prevailed, for still he *made no sign*.

I told him that a shoreless sea
Is grace, for mortals stained with sin;
To doubt were crime — and safely he,
Defiled, indeed, might venture in.

I knelt in prayer — if ever I
Have tasted prayer's prevailing power,
'T was when my supplicating cry
Appealed for pity in that hour.

I prayed that he might see how pure
The law's demand, how vile his guilt ;
Oh, mercy ! must this soul endure
Its pangs, when blood for souls was spilt —

This gem that might be ever bright
Where coronals in beauty shine,
Be locked in depths, whose only light
Gleams palely from the wrath divine !

Rather may he, new-born, be clad
In robes by Sovereign Love brought down ;
And stand where angels worship, glad
With golden harp and starry crown.

I asked again, if he could now
Yield all to Him who claims the whole ;
And at that cross where men must bow
Or perish, cast his trembling soul —

And on this bed of sorrow say,
“ Here, Lord ! to be for ever thine,
A lost one gives himself away ! ” —
He died, he died, *and made no sign !*

IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD ?

'Tis well with her, who on that bed
Of sickness, late, was laid so low ;
'Tis well — though anguish bowed her head,
And conflicts rent her bosom so.

'T was well with her in health's glad hour,
Well, when the wasting arrow came ;
For she could trust His wing of power,
And she had learned a Saviour's Name.

'T is well with her, though we have laid
In kindred dust that beauteous form ;
She lives, a bright, celestial maid,
Far, far above life's raging storm.

'T is well with her — the lovely one,
Though like a broken flower she lies ;
Her mortal puts immortal on,
Her graces flourish in the skies.

'T is well with her — oh God, 't is well
With those whom thou dost kindly love,
Whether in fleshly tents they dwell,
Or tread thy starry courts above.

DIRGE

For the Thirty Thousand, yearly slain by Intemperance.

I STOOD amid the place of graves,
Where hillocks, thick as combing waves,
Were clustered far around.
Death held dominion ; here his reign
Was absolute o'er victims slain,
Imprisoned in the ground.

In sorrow's contemplative mood
I scanned the mingled multitude,
Whose sepulchres were new.
One year ago they stood with men,
And length of days they reckoned then,
Who now were hid from view.

And yet from these — what fearful fall
Was theirs! — none cared to lift the pall
That deep Oblivion spread.
For them no tears of fond regret,
No midnight's pillow often wet,
Nor sigh called from the dead.

Here was the aged father laid,
And by his dust the sleeping maid ;
The husband, wife, were here.
The manly youth, his parents' pride,
The bridegroom, and the peerless bride,
The foul worm's dainty cheer.

Here lay the poor man, and his niche,
Hard by, filled up the rotting rich,
Regardless of his state ;
Of station high, of low degree,
The abject slave, the haughty free,
Corruption for their mate.

The orator of splendid name,
The chief who taught the foe his fame,
The giant, godlike mind, —
The noble, generous, and sincere,
Those prompt with pity's holy tear,
The polished and refined.

Whence came they? From once happy homes,
From cottages, from lordly domes,
From fireside bliss and care ;
From courts of justice, chambers trod
By senators ; yes, angry God !
From thine own house of prayer !

Who slew them? Not night's pestilence,
That comes and goes, men know not whence,
Nor arrow at noonday ;
They fell not in the glorious field,
With Right to nerve, and Heaven to shield,
When Freedom called away.

They died not as the righteous die,
When angels, stooping from the sky,
With songs unloose life's chain.
By cursed *Intemperance* found they hell,
And *Ignominy* pealed the knell
Of Thirty Thousand slain.

THE BRIDE OF THE CANTICLES.

WHO seeks her Lord in glorious guise,
Unparalleled in grace —
Love beaming from her wondrous eyes,
And beauty from her face ?
With whom all similes must die,
All power of language faint,
Whose charms, with pencil from the sky,
'T were sacrilege to paint ?

Why droops her head in anguish thus?

Whence those delicious tears?

As if an angel showed to us

How an angel grief appears.

What accents murmur, like a dream

Of music, from her lips?

As when in sorrow's saddest theme

His soul the minstrel dips.

'T is she — the Saviour's purchased Bride,

On whom earth's light is dim —

For whom heaven's brilliance has no pride,

Reflected not by Him!

She bows her in her lonely grief;

Shall she make suit in vain?

Come, Thou! of every joy the chief,

And take thy Bride again.

THE GOOD WINE.

Oh! thou only God of wine,
Comfort this poor heart of mine,
With that nectar of thy blood.

Alexander Rosse, 1650.

WINE of Cyprus, not for me,
Thou, nor juice of Italy;
Nor Atlantic's luscious pride,
From Madeira's sunny side;
Nor from Caprea's royal hoard,
Nor from Lisbon's modern board,
Nor from elder Egypt's crypt,
Which Mark Antony hath stripped —

Nor from Rhine, or laughing France,
Where Garonne's blue ripples dance,
Nor from banks of classic river,
Winding Po or Guadalquiver.

All the grapes in vintage crushed,
Could not satisfy my thirst ;
Purple flood in crysolite,
Where it moves itself aright,
Freely poured in princely hall,
Sparkling at high festival,
Well refined, or on the lees,
Could not my ambition please ;
Draught that passing pleasure brings,
Leaving ever-during stings.

When my lips the beaker kiss,
I have other Wine than this,
Taken from the fruitful hill,
That doth live in poesy still ;
Where for vine, a cross of wood,
Guarded by the Roman, stood ;
Whose rich spoil was gathered when
Triumphed hell and triumphed men ;
Crushed and mangled was whose grape,
While the heavens looked agape,
And in sackcloth hid — whose Wine,
Streaming, dimmed the mid-day's shine,
Fermented in nature's sigh,
Ripened in the earthquake's cry.

How it stirs my languid blood !
How it cheers my soul, like food !

Drink, ye kings! and cares forget,
Drink, ye sad! and triumph yet.
Drink, ye aged! strength renew,
Drink, ye children! 't is for you.
Drink, ye pilgrims! while 't is nigh —
Drink, nor in the desert die.
Drink, ye fainting! thirst ye never,
Drink, ye dead! and live for ever!

WHILE THE SOLEMN NOTE OF TIME.

WHILE the solemn note of Time
Warns me of his hasty tread,
While the silent march of days
Tells — “another week hath fled,”
While the hum of busy toil,
Works of care and labor cease;
While the six days' weary strife
Yields to holy, welcome peace, —
Let me all the past review;
Much hath heaven bestowed on me,
Much have I to folly given;
God! what have I done for thee?
Nearer to my final hour,
Am I sealed with Jesus' blood?
Nearer to eternity,
Am I nearer to my God?
Hasten, pilgrim! on thy way,
Gird thee at the martyr's shrine;
Hasten, pilgrim! why delay?
Immortality is thine.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

STAR of the East! the Shepherd's Star!
 Benignant was thy lustre, when
 It told of mercy from afar,
 And beamed Salvation down to men;
 The mystery, surpassing ken
 Of angel-powers, revealedst thou;
 Celestial were thy glories then
 That burst and streamed on Midnight's brow.
 As bright thou burn'st in yon blue field,
 How dim to thee the toys of kings!
 Vain the delight their pageants yield,
 Compared with that which from thee springs;
 O, Earth, and all her little things
 Of real bliss can give no ray;
 Her fairest flowers have secret stings,
 Her splendors shine and pass away.

Star of the East! no gems that burn
 Amid these lesser orbs we see,
 Or where upon their axles turn
 The worlds of vast infinity,
 Thou peerless One! can vie with thee;
They never heralded the plan,
 Conceived — performed by Deity —
 That speaks of pardon, peace to man:
 They hold along the empyrean coast
 Their viewless march, unheard, unknown;

The least among the radiant host,
That silent shine, and shine alone ;
But thou, bright Star! Redemption's own!
Didst wander 'mid the light of song ;
Thou camest with music from the throne,
Attended by a seraph throng.

Star of the East! the tempest-tost,
On life's uncertain billows borne,
Is by rude gales of trouble crossed,
By hidden rocks of sorrow torn —
When breaks the cheering Star of Morn,
When night and thrall for ever flee,
O, where the doubts and fears forlorn
Of him, the wanderer of the sea!
Break out, blest Star! with peaceful ray ;
And if our steps to Truth incline,
Oh, help and guard our weeping way!
Along these doubtful waters shine!
The heavenly beacon-light of thine
That trembled once on Bethlehem's plain,
Shall guide us to the Source Divine,
Shall lead us to the Child again.

THE INCONSISTENT.

OH, parent, who thy watch art keeping,
So pleasing, painful, o'er thy boy, —
Whose vigilance is all unsleeping,
That he may prove, indeed, thy joy —

Consider ! while *thy* care thou deemest
Enough, at times, thy hope to dim,
A cloud, of which thou little dreamest,
Comes up between *his* bliss and *him*.

While he imbibes instruction needed,
And *Precept* seems to guide the way,
Some act of thine, some word, unheeded,
In sad *Example*, leads astray ;

In all the influence that in beauty
Should cluster round the social hearth,
In every pleasure, toil and duty
Of home, the dearest spot on earth,

With one hand to the living fountain
Pointing, where he may enter in,
And with the other, like a mountain,
Piling along his path thy sin !

On Inconsistency that 's blazing
Thus falsely, where should be true light,
Thy helpless, ductile offspring gazing —
How *can* he find the way that 's right ?

Oh, cruel ! that the bosom swelling
With ardor, hope, and promise, fair,
Should, by thy folly, be the dwelling
Of guilty pain and keen despair.

Had he not here — a thoughtless stranger,
Unskilled life's thousand snares to shun —
Enough — without *thine* aid — of danger ?
And is thy child by *thee* undone ?

How many thus, like stars, for ever
Have set, in baleful night to dwell,
In spite of Wisdom's strong endeavor,
Lost by the parent — who may tell?

LYDIA.

Acts xvi. 14.

SELLER of purple! Listener to the word
Brought to thy heart by Silas and by Paul,
Baptized with all thy household; thou wast stirred
By the great debt incurred to grace, by all
The blessed love that converts have for them
Who teach stray feet the way to Bethlehem, —
To show true hospitality of heart,
To entertain each God-sent, gracious guest,
Unwilling from such benison to part,
Thy humble dome with such how greatly blest!
Thou wast indeed judged faithful in thy love,
And holy footsteps honored thy abode;
Nobler, thus sheltering heralds from above,
Than proudest hall by proudest monarch trod!

MONT PILATRE.

“ The Proconsul of Judea here found the termination of his impious life ; having, after spending years in the recesses of this mountain, which bears his name, at length, in remorse and despair, rather than in penitence, plunged into the dismal lake which occupies the summit.” — *Legend in Anne of Geierstein.*

“ When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person ; see ye to it.” — *St. Matthew, xxvii. 24.*

IMMORTAL infamy is his
 Who gave the Saviour up
 To bear the Jewish scourge and scorn,
 And drink the Roman cup.
 He washed his hands in sight of men,
 And slander thought to kill, —
 Yet he was damned, and to this hour
 His hands are spotted still.

There's something of audacious crime
 In guilty *Judas* found,
 Though viler than the vilest thing
 That crawls upon the ground ;
 But he who had not fortitude
 In trial's honest hour,
 To own the holy influence
 Of conscience' secret power ;

And whose unfeeling, coward heart,
 Intent on selfish ease,
 Did seek, with sophistry and art,
 Both God and man to please, —

By God abhorred, by man despised,
And shunned by fiends below —
Where shall the wretch, to hide himself,
And hide his meanness, go!

SUNDAY.

“ The Sundays of man’s life,
Threaded together on Time’s string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.” — *The Church.*

SWEET Sabbath! gift of heaven, that selfish man
Would never on himself have thus bestowed, —
A green spot art thou in the dreary road
Of life, sojourning, every seventh day found;
Where we, thought gathered, earth withdrawn, may scan
The overwhelming glories scattered round
The universe of God. Or, called by bells,
Drink, in his temple, where it freely wells,
Water of Life; such as the woman drew
Never by old Samaria, but which knew
The heavenly Teacher. Me, stript of my pride,
Show, on this day, as here I waiting lie,
Panting with thirst, on this parched, waste way side —
The path, dear Lord! to Sabbath streams on high.

FORETASTES.

SOME joy it has been mine to know,
When, in the closet bending low,
I've converse held with heaven in prayer,
And foretastes had of glory there.
If here, such glimpse is given to me,
What must the full fruition be!

I've tasted happiness, when bowed
In worship, with the pious crowd,
In temple walls, whose full-voiced choir
Pealed David's notes to David's lyre,
And felt — if music thus to love
Woke here, what is its power above!

I've touched those emblems with the saints,
Whose use restores the soul that faints,
And gathered, at the Saviour's board,
Bliss, earth can neither give nor hoard, —
And thought, if cheers thus mingled wine,
What is that crushed, that Living Vine!

I've seen the Christian die, yet ere
The spirit sought its native sphere,
I marked, with awe, his kindling eye,
And eager flush, and heard the sigh
Of holy rapture — not of pain,
And said, "What conflict! yet what gain!"

For his pale cheek, I saw, was fanned
With breezes from the better land ;
Libations of the next world's bliss
He drank, before he passed from this ;
Of Love his life had known the power ;
Its foretastes sunned the last dark hour.

Oh, there is something round us thrown
Of other worlds ! — In crowds, alone,
By day, by night, we whispers hear,
From errand angels, always near ;
Reminding pilgrims of their Home,
Telling us of the Rest to come.

TO MY FRIEND REV. G. B—.

Accepting the Swedenborgian Faith.

My heart took counsel with thy pious heart
What time we dwelt by fair Ohio's tide ; —
From Flattery's music thou didst turn aside,
And in thy graceful modesty, apart,
With books and God, didst prove the Christian art
Of drinking Wisdom's waters, undefiled, —
In spirit humble as a little child.
And herein 's ointment for the grievous smart
Of Zion, bruised by thee ! I dare not think
That Heaven will leave thee in Cimmerian night
To wander, as do those, once stars of light —
To die, as meteors die. From the dread brink
Whence thou art toppling, Voices beckon thee ; —
Hear them, rash man ! — *back* to the STRONGHOLDS flee !

THE HARVEST IS GREAT—THE LABORERS FEW.

VINEYARD of the Lord! thy treasures
Plenteous are to wondering sight ;
How the laden stalks are bending
With the grain, to harvest white!
Wide the field — the world can only
Bound its precincts. Vast the prize ;—
To express its value, ages
Heaped on ages can't suffice.

Who will enter? — Laborers, toiling
In the wasting heat of day,
Are but *few* ; and of these, hourly,
Perish some along the way.
Who will enter? — Great the burden,
Hard and constant is the toil ;
But ye serve a gracious Master,
And he'll give you princely spoil.

Wake, oh, north wind! on this garden,
Fainting, dying, strongly blow ;
Come, thou south! and, gently breathing,
Bid its spices freely flow.
Then, his power confessed, the Spirit
Hearts shall touch, and sweetly win ;—
Vineyard! *now*, to reap thy harvest,
Joyful thousands enter in.

JACOB'S WELL.

HE journeyed on to Galilee,
Unheralded by fame,
And wearily to Jacob's Well
The heavenly Teacher came.
Upon that fountain's granite lip
He leaned, and gazed below,
Where the cool waters gushed and foamed,
And leaped in frolic flow.

Who would have thought that weary man,
Reclined in mean attire
Here in Samaria — was the theme
Of all the angel choir?
That for this wanderer, faint with thirst,
Were heaven and hell at strife, —
That he possessed the crystal key
Which opes the Well of Life?

Oh, when I meet, henceforth, the sad
And humble child of care,
Let me not scorn his presence, lest
I weave myself a snare ;
For in that poor and broken wretch,
By whom the dunghill's trod,
Unerring Scrutiny may spy
A sceptred son of God.

THE WIDOW.

“Do not the tears run down the widow’s cheek? and is not her cry against him that causeth the fatherless to fall?” — *The Son of Sirach.*

MAN! who pitiest mortal woe,
Sighest when the stricken sigh, —
In whom sweet Compassion’s glow
Stirs the soul and dims the eye, —
Look upon the Widow’s sadness;
Bid the Widow leap for gladness.

Woman! type of mercy, thou,
Who thyself all feeling art,
Wearing pity on thy brow,
And its impulse in thy heart,
Hearken to the Widow’s groan,
Weep for her that weeps alone.

Youth! the first in deeds of daring,
Leaving timid Age behind, —
Following Fortune, yet uncaring
If she slights thee, or is kind, —
Stop! nor proudly scorn *her* lot
Which thou understandest not.

Maiden! in thy laughing hour,
Dreaming not of future ill, —
Yet in whom, with certain power,
Destiny shall work its will, —
By thy hopes, that soon must die,
Hear the Widow’s troubled cry.

THOU! who sorrowedst o'er the bier,
Where a widow's son was laid,
At the gate of Nain, — hear!
Look, and lend thy gracious aid.
God! the counsel came from Thee,
“Let thy Widows trust in Me.”

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

O JESUS! once on Galilee
Thy voice of power was heard,
When madly that dark heaving sea
Through all its depths was stirred.

The forky lightnings Thee revealed,
Calm, 'mid the storm's increase,
And far above where thunders pealed,
Was heard the whisper, “PEACE!”

How drooped at once that foaming sheet
Of waters, vexed and wild!
Each wave came falling at thy feet,
Just like an humbled child.

So rages my tumultuous breast,
So chafes my maniac will; —
Speak! and these troubled seas shall rest,
Speak; and the storm is still.

THE DEAD BOY.

MOTHER! little William lies
Very still — his laughing eyes
Look no more on thee and me;
Though I speak, he will not hear —
What may this, dear mother, be?
As I gaze, I almost fear.
Though I stroke his silken hair,
Touch his cheek, so pale and fair,
Though his pretty mouth I kiss,
Yet he minds not — why is this?
His tiny hand will nothing hold,
And his fingers are so cold!
William! wake! — it is not sleep,
Surely, slumber's not so deep.
Pretty baby! look at sis —
Look at me, and wake, or I
Shall my little playing miss;
Wake, or darling sis will cry.
I cannot think what makes him so —
You told me, mother, he must go.
Yet he's here, and yet he's not
Somehow. Has he us forgot?
Will he love me, then, no longer?
Me, who took him — as I'm stronger —
Every day, upon my lap —
Smoothed his frock and tied his cap —
Played bo-peep, and made him smile,
When you stood and laughed the while.

Won't he move, or shake his head,
As he used to do in fun?
Won't he learn to jump and run?
Mother! mother! — *is he dead!*

Yes, my daughter! You must take
Your last look. He will not wake.
Never more, with cunning ways,
Watch you in your daily plays.
Never show the pouting lips,
Where a mother pleasure sips,
Nor the sweet mouth open, so
We may see where pearls do grow.
He was very sick, but he
Is from sickness ever free.
He was weak in every limb —
Active now as cherubim
Is he. How he sunk in pain!
He will never droop again.
Tears of anguish will not wet
Those dark lids, where death has set
Solemn seal; the aching breast
Heaves no more, for all's at rest.
Oh, how changed from him we saw,
When, last night, he tried to draw
His pure breath, and each endeavor
Seemed as if 't would spirit sever
From the suffering body! Now
Calmness sits upon his brow,
Dried is every tear that gushed,
Every laboring sigh is hushed.
Death and sad decay are here!
Beauty of the skies is here!

Resurrection's light is here !
 He is here, and he is not !
 Oh, my child ! a blessèd lot
 Is our William's now above,
 Where the children sing of love,
 Casting their bright honors down,
 At His feet, the harp and crown,
 Who in heaven the diadem
 Wears — the Babe of Bethlehem !
 Sweet the hymn, whose stately march
 Ever is around that arch
 Pealing of Redemption ! Song,
 Sweeter, louder, doth belong
 To the cherub infant throng,
 Whose sweet voices warble clear
 Music, God delights to hear.
 Come, my daughter ! leave him now ;
 We in humble prayer will bow
 At our heavenly Father's feet,
 Asking that we all may meet
 Where the infant of an hour
 Is an angel. Where each power
 Of a feeble babe may clasp
 Themes that angels cannot grasp.
 Parting is to-day in sorrow —
 Joyful meeting is to-morrow —
 With him, dearest, then to be
 Heirs of Immortality.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

COULD angel choirs demand of Earth
A theme to gratulate the throne,
Nobler than young creation's birth,
Sweeter than Heaven's wide vault hath known, —
Could the redeemed lay by their palms,
And cast their glittering honors down ;
To take a robe of lovelier charms,
To wear a brighter, fairer crown :

The theme is found — 't is Charity ;
'T is Charity, Jehovah's theme !
Woven the robe — eternity
Shall brighten and reflect its beam.
Blest is the man, whose mite is given,
To feed God's poor — though small the boon,
Shall his reward be lost ? — yon heaven
With heaven's tall throne, shall sink as soon.

Yet more exalted he, who shares
The unwearied Teacher's holy toil,
Who plants the seed, whose daily prayers,
Whose midnight tears, refresh the soil ;
And, higher shall his seat be found,
Who makes these chosen lambs his care ;
Richer the gems that gird him round,
The Tear of Pity will be there.

THE OLD NORTH BURIAL GROUND IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

I STAND where I have stood before, in boyhood's sunny prime,
The same — yet not the same, but one who wears the touch
of Time ;

And gaze around on what was then familiar to the eye,
But whose inconstant features tell that years have journeyed by,

Since o'er this venerable ground a truant child I played,
And chased the bee and plucked the flower, where ancient
dust is laid ;

And hearkened, in my wondering mood, when tolled the pas-
sing bell,

And started at the coffin's cry, as clods upon it fell.

These mossy tombs I recollect, the same o'er which I pored,
The same these rhymes and texts, with which my memory
was stored ;

These humble tokens, too, that lean, and tell where resting
bones

Are hidden, though their date and name have perished from
the stones.

How rich these precincts with the spoils of ages buried here !
What hearts have ached, what eyes have given this conscious
earth the tear —

How many friends, whose welcome cheered their now desert-
ed doors,

Have, since my last sojourning, swelled these melancholy
stores !

Yon spot, where in the sunset ray a single white stone gleams,
I've visited, I cannot tell how often, in my dreams, —
That spot o'er which I wept, though then too young my loss
to know,
As I beheld my father's form sepulchred far below.

How freshly every circumstance, though seas swept wide be-
tween,
And years had vanished since that hour, in vagaries I've
seen!
The lifted lid — that countenance — the funeral array,
As vividly as if the scene were but of yesterday.

How pleasant seem the moments now, as up their shadows
come,
Spent in the domicil that wore the sacred name of home, —
How in the vista years have made, they shine with mellowed
light,
To which meridian bliss has nought so beautiful and bright!

How happy were those fireside hours — how happy summer's
walk,
When listening to my father's words, or joining in the talk;
How passed like dreams those early hours, till down upon us
burst
The avalanche of grief, and laid our pleasures in the dust!

They tell of loss, but who can tell how thorough is the stroke
By which the tie of sire and son in death's forever broke?
They tell of Time! — though he may heal the heart that's
wounded sore,
The household bliss thus blighted, Time! canst thou again
restore?

Yet if this spot recalls the dead, and brings from memory's
leaf

A sentence wrote in bitterness, of raptures, bright and brief,
I would not shun it, nor would lose the moral it will give,
To teach me by the withered past, for better hopes to live.

And though to warn of future woe, or whisper future bliss,
One comes not from the spirit world, a witness unto this,
Yet from memorials of his dust, 't is wholesome thus to learn
And print upon our thought the state to which we must return.

Wherever then my pilgrimage in coming days shall be,
My frequent visions, favorite ground ! shall backward glance
to thee ;

The holy dead, the bygone hours, the precepts early given,
Shall sweetly soothe and influence my homeward way to
heaven.

SONG FROM SCRIPTURE.

“ And they shall see his face.” — *Revelation*, xxii. 4.

THEY tell of the region of bliss,
And its tree of twelve manner of fruits,
On whose leaf falls the wind's lightest kiss,
And clearest of streams on its roots.

They tell of the city, whose walls
Are jasper, whose pavements are gold ;
The splendor that lightens its halls
Immortals may only behold.

They tell me its gates, of one pearl,
Shall never be folded by day;
His curtain night ne'er shall unfurl
O'er its bright and its beautiful way; —

That those wearing raiment which flames
With glory, — who endlessly look
In beauty, unwrinkled, are names
Written down in the Lamb's blessèd book; —

That strings tremble there to the touch,
Delicious, and thrilling, and deep; —
The music they utter is such
As maketh full Happiness weep.

They say there shall never be curse,
For the throne of the Holy is there;
Once entered those portals, for us
No longer is sin or despair.

'Tis wondrous! — 't is great to the soul!
Yet the jewel that crowneth the place,
And preciousness gives to the whole,
My Lord! is the smile of thy face.

SATURDAY EVENING.

MY God! this hour doth thought invite,
That, bird-like, would for shelter flee,
Tired with its six days' weary flight —
To fold its wings, and rest with Thee.

I long to soar above the vain
And false delights that compass me!
Break, Lord, the world's entangling chain,
And set the joyful captive free.

'T is said the time ere that which brings
The early blush of Sabbath light,
Is never vexed by evil things,
Is ne'er disturbed by fiends of night;
So, like that hour, I fain would choose
My soul to be — its calm delight
So deep — that Folly must refuse
To stay, and Sin be loth to fright.

Sweet Evening! whose delightful air
Already scents of Sabbath gales,
Refresh me! cheer me! and repair
The vigor that so often fails;
And fit me for the morrow's toil
In gardens where the soul inhales
Rich fragrance, gathering flowery spoil
On rosy hills, in liliated vales.

If such the prospects that may pass
Before a pilgrim here below,
Who gazes through the shepherd's glass,
The far celestial scenes to know —
How glorious, waking from the dream
Of life's delusions, care and woe,
Must that high world of beauty seem
Whose earthly glimpses ravish so!

CHARITY.

“ Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,”
The Saviour to the Seventy said ;—
They straightway spread abroad the flame
Of sacred Mercy, in his Name.

Lord, we are not commissioned thus ;
To quell disease is not for us ;
We cannot bid insensate dust
To rise, and tomb and cerement burst.

But we can cheer the dwelling, where
Is found the son of want and care ;
And smooth the couch on which at last
The daughter of despair is cast.

And we may hush the orphan's fear,
And wipe away the widow's tear ;
Win back the wandering and undone,
And clothe and feed the needy one.

Thus seeking such as Thou didst know,
Who wast companion, too, of woe ;
Thus following paths thyself didst tread,
Who often raised the drooping head.

Happy — if, when the blessèd stand
In judgement at thy high right hand,
We hear Thee say, “ Whatever ye
Have done to these, ye did to ME.”

THE SABBATH.

“The day that God calls his, make not thine own
By sports, or play, though 't is a custom grown ;
God's day of mercy whoso doth profane,
God's day of judgement doth for him remain.”

MS. Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.

Joy for the Sabbath day !
Day of all days the best, —
Toil, with thy thousand cares away !
I seek its hallowed rest.
When virgin Earth was young,
The Word that blest it came ;
With trumpet's voice the mandate rung
From Sinai's hill of flame.

Joy for the Sabbath hours !
My soul, think on thy vow ;
Lie trembling, ye tumultuous powers !
Tread softly, worldlings, now !
This Resurrection Morn
Broke ancient Midnight's spell,
When ONE of lowly woman born,
Spoiled Death and eager Hell.

Up, for retirement's haunt ;
The solemn, secret place,
Where God supplies the spirit's want
With treasures of his grace.

Its hushed and early hour
Invites prevailing men ;
The Sabbath day-break! — Oh, there's power
With Him to wrestle then.

Up, where Devotion waits,
Where the bowed heart adores ;
Be lifted, oh, ye temple gates !
Be opened, joyful doors !
There, at the organ's peal,
And choir's melodious tone
Of rising anthem, humbly kneel
Before thy Father's throne.

Up! for the paschal feast, —
The bread and wine are here ;
Thou, whom thy heart esteems as least,
Art welcome to the cheer.
The bridal of the King
And Church is held to-day ;
Thy willing gift of gladness bring,
And bring thy white array.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO WAS BAPTIZED IN INFANCY.

THE seal of the covenant, given,
 On your forehead, for ever will tell —
 A star in the brightness of heaven,
 Or spark in the glimmering of hell, —
 That you were in infancy laid
 A bud in its tenderest hour,
 On His bosom, who kindly has said
 That dearer is such than the flower ;
 That you the volition had here —
 A mortal cast out in your blood,
 To rise to Infinity's sphere,
 A worm, yet a daughter of God —
 Or fall to a depth of despair
 Which angels undone never knew ;
 To one of these portions you are
 Inheritor, — *What will you do ?*

The rainbow that rests on the cloud,
 When the tempest, all weary, would sleep,
 A sign that God never will shroud
 Earth again in the waves of the deep —
 Was not to the patriarch Noah,
 Surer test of unchangeable word,
 Than is this, that His own, evermore,
 Are safe from the wrath of the Lord ; —
 For the seal on your forehead, the love
 Of Jesus as surely doth show,
 As Mercy's, when woven above,
 Is the fading and beautiful bow.

This fades not! — it brightly shall be
Immortal memento to you
Of grace, if from peril you flee,
Or ruin, — say, *What will you do?*

COMMUNION HYMN.

“Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,
And what a throng of thieves him mocking stand!
Come forth, ye empyrean troops! come forth,
Preserve this sacred blood that earth adorns,
Gather those liquid roses off his thorns.”

Drummond, of Hawthornden, 1585.

To see, my Lord, thy body thus
In ruins, is a fearful thing;
And yet it bore away the curse
From sin, and drew the Spoiler's sting.
These fragments of thy bruised flesh
Are sweet as breath of morning's bloom, —
Like eastern spices, that, afresh,
Do, broken, yield their best perfume.

To drink thy blood, so freely spilt,
Methinks is awful, strange delight, —
And yet each drop effaces guilt,
Its currents wash my crimson white.
As new in vintage drank, the wine
Lies choicest on the palate, so
This, tasted, while I press the vine,
Doth life and joy and richness show.

To manifest, till Thou shalt come,
Thy dreadful death by type so frail,
Is wondrous, — yet, till gathered home,
The church to do it will not fail.
While dark neglect wraps realms and kings,
Shall live in light, years cannot dim,
Memorials of most precious things —
The Bread and Wine and simple Hymn !

ZACCHEUS.

HE sought the Saviour's face to see,
And climbed the sycamore, that he,
Secure above the crowding mass,
Might mark the wondrous Prophet pass.

Stinted in soul, dishonest, mean,
A publican ; worse than unclean
Was he ; the people's common hate,
Beyond the heathen in the gate.

Yet he must needs that face behold,
Of more, said Fame, than human mould ;
And hark ! a thousand voices' hum
Heralds his coming ! see Him come ; —

The theme of David's chorded lyre,
Of whom spake seers in words of fire ;
Whom everlasting years saw shine, —
My hope, to-day, O saint, and thine !

He comes, in meek and lowly guise,
Though shouts of welcome shake the skies.
He comes! and kingly crowns are dim
To light unseen, that circles Him.

In auburn locks, his parted hair
Lies on a brow, surpassing fair;
His beauteous eyes are upward cast,
Scanning his home, when trial's past.

Zaccheus saw the Man, the God; —
Yet knew not, He, who toiling trod
With weary feet the dusty way,
Was One whom eager worlds obey.

He met that upward glance with fear;
Ah, publican! he sees thee here,
And to the rabble's rage will give
The wretch, they deem not fit to live.

He sees! — but those mild eyes reveal
Thoughts of a heart that knows to feel;
He hears! — but music's self is flung
Forth in the accents of that tongue.

“Make haste, Zaccheus! from the tree;
To-day I must abide with thee.”

Abide with thee! — his heart was broke
For sin, and healed, as Jesus spoke.

Fruits for repentance, straight in thought
Conceived, sprang up, and ripe, were brought;
He stood, redeemed — a man new-made
By quickening living grace, and said:

“ Behold, O, Lord! the half of all
My own the poor’s henceforth I call;
If others’ goods by fraud I hold,
I now restore the law’s fourfold.”

Redeemer! has thy gospel power
Thus sweetly, in auspicious hour,
To win the heart, the stubborn break?
Such change can Love and Mercy make,

By thy good Spirit’s blessing? — then
Instruct *me* thus to plead with men;
Nor, with a rash, repelling frown,
Command the sinning rebel down.

But ever may I kindly prove
His heart with messages of love;
And speak, when wanderers I accost,
Like Thee, who came to save the lost.

And ever ready be, as Thou,
To woo, and win, and gently bow
The honored lordling — foe to Thee —
Or scorned Zaccheus in the tree.

THE CHILD REDEEMER.

I CANNOT doubt, that Jesus met,
In childhood, jeers and scorn;
Ere purple mocked him, or beset
His regal brows the thorn.

I cannot doubt, that Nazareth's cry
Pursued the holy Boy,
Ere Herod's "men of war" did try
The martyr to destroy.

He walks abroad — the same, whose feet
Pressed heaven's eternal floor,
Ere skies were taught the earth to greet,
Or seas to kiss the shore.

His patient mien, his look of love,
His eye of tempered flame,
That showed the eagle with the dove,
Might surely reverence claim.

His parted hair of graceful curls,
His innocence and youth,
The words, that from his lips, in pearls,
Dropped out, of precious Truth —

Might teach, methinks, those rabble-boys
To bless the ground he trod ;
Yes! join in one, each eager voice,
To shout a present God.

They worship not — nor know that He,
Who in their midst is seen,
Is One, the Chaldean quaked to see
His darting fires between.

Nor deem they that the "Fourth," in form,
Who trod that furnace then,
Is here to quell a hotter storm,
That's kindled up for men.

And so they mock him, flout him, vex
Themselves, to vex his soul ;
In vain — they cannot him perplex,
Who can himself control.

How often, Saviour, in thy walk,
Thou 'st met with sinful me ;
Thy look was love ; all love thy talk ;
And yet I knew not Thee.

My heart misgives me, that with scorn
I used the heavenly Guest ; —
Break, break, my heart ! the pride be shorn,
That rises in my breast.

Yet, as I could not vex thy peace,
Though sore thy grace I grieved —
O, bid this warring tumult cease,
As when I first believed.

Unchain these faculties, that lie
Imprisoned thus in sense ;
And bid the fogs, that blind me, fly
With sin for ever hence.

And lift my spirit, that inclines
Thus earthward, to thy throne ; —
Undazzled by deceitful shrines,
To bend to Thee alone.

THE SABBATH AND THE SANCTUARY.

RIGHT glad was I, when round me
I heard sweet voices say,
“Come! worship!” — for they found me
All ready for the Day;
The Day of truer pleasure,
Than thousands spent in sin;
The Day of richer treasure,
Than worlds of wealth could win.

Right glad was I, when pealing
O'er flowery hill and glen,
Came call of bells, revealing
Repose for weary men;
Their joyful music telling,
In soothing Sabbath talk,
That Mind, Earth's care dispelling,
With Heaven, to-day, may walk.

In haste thine house I entered,
Its beauty whispered, “Come!”
I lowly knelt where centred
Of all my hopes the sum.
Cool, clear, and living waters
In streams came flowing by;
Bread for earth's sons and daughters
Was there in full supply.

More happy in a corner
Of these thy courts to be,
Than yonder sceptred scorner,
Who claims the servile knee ;
Thy doors attend, I'd rather, —
Thy child would love it well, —
Than in the tents, my Father !
Of wickedness to dwell.

To my fond heart how proudly
Goes up that noble song,
When David's anthem loudly
Repeats the earnest throng !
When notes of solemn sadness
Confessions make to heaven ;
When chords are swept to gladness,
And public praise is given.

Those truths — my heart believes them,
As coming from my God ;
Those truths — my heart receives them,
As sealed with Jesus' blood ;
Now, the transporting tidings,
My soul leaps up to hear ;
Now, salutary chidings
Impart becoming fear.

I love the Day, if o'er me
The sky in tempest lowers ;
My God is light before me,
And cloudless are my hours ;

I love it, if in splendor
The azure arch is dressed ;
My God, what shall I render
For this bright Day of Rest !

I love the Day, assisted
By health to spend it well ;
Besetting sin resisted,
And weakened folly's spell ;
That strength and vigor gladly
I consecrate to God,
And mourn young Health so sadly
In thoughtless ways has trod.

And if pale Sickness seizes
This frame, I love the day ;
Thy messengers, Diseases,
Will not forbid to pray.
My chamber is an altar,
My heart to sing is free ;
Its praises, though they falter,
Are heard, my God, by Thee.

I'll love the Day, when dying ;
How blest the Sabbath time,
In Death's embraces lying,
To hear the Sabbath chime !
On Him, who Death is routing,
In quivering prayer to call,
To Him, who's Victor, shouting,
And in his arms to fall !

O tell me not that Zion,
 All pearls and gems, sits queen ;
 That splendor's where the Lion
 Of Judah's tribe is seen ;
 But tell me yon broad heaven
 A Temple is to view ;
 Its Day, one Sabbath given, —
 And I will worship too !

 NIAGARA.

NIAGARA! — the poetry of God!
 Whose numbers tell, in everlasting hymn,
 Only of God! The morning stars that woke
 Music along their courses, early caught
 Its far-off echoes, and in wild delight
 Returned them, softened, round the universe.
 Think not, think not, Earth's triflers! that for *you*
 And garish Day, these melodies chime on.
 When ye, diminished, lost, are known not, Night,
 Night to the awful anthem ever hearkens,
 And ever with new joy. Oh, how sublime
 The symphony, that, under the expanse
 Of stars, peals on in unexhausted power;
 Niagara! — and the sole listener, Night!

ORDINATION.

WHO shall, with blessing, lift abroad
His hand unto thy holy hill, —
Be shepherd of thy chosen, Lord,
And show these worshipers thy will ?

He that uprightly walks, and works
With single purpose, righteousness —
In whose heart, look, or language, lurks
Nor folly, pride, nor wickedness :

He, nor presuming, rash, nor vain,
Yet strong, because he always fears ; —
He, that repulsed, will urge again
For God, and warn and win with tears :

He that will keep, with toil unpriced,
His skirts from blood, and souls from loss,
He that will nothing know save Christ,
And the sweet science of the Cross :

Gently, along this pleasant way,
The aged of the flock shall lead ;
And, lest the little lambs should stray,
Will them by fountains guide and feed.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
He shall appear in glory, too ;
And of his charge, watched over here,
Show thousands, brought in safety through.

A HEAVEN OF HOLINESS.

"The thought of a heaven of *holiness* is my solace."—*James Brainerd Taylor.*

SWEET Heaven! to know thee holy,
Were dearer to my soul,
Than sight of all the glory
Whose seas about thee roll.
The floods of splendor, streaming
From ecstasies of light,
To purity there beaming,
My God, were only night!

Sweet Heaven! the song of gladness
That thrills the upper air,
To me were note of sadness,
If "Holy" were not there.
No more to bright harps given
On holiness to dwell—
Its bliss would fly, and heaven
Be but a better hell.

Sweet Heaven! where saints are singing,
Where angels join the lay,
To thee I would be winging
My upward, homeward way;—
Where crystal walls forever
Show holiness within,
Where golden gates ope never
To sorrow, death, or sin!

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

I'm glad that at length the materials appearing,
Prepared for the builder, and piled in our street,
Proclaim that the pious, unwearied, are rearing
A dome where the sons of the pilgrims may meet ;
A place where the cares that the week sets in motion,
The bustle of business, the world and its dreams,
May fade in the nobler pursuits of devotion,
When the Sabbath of rest Heaven's antepast seems.

I'm glad, that with hallowed monition, a spire
Will rise from these precincts, and touchingly tell
That here men may come and learn destinies higher
Than earth's, at the call of the "church-going bell."
That here is appointed the ark's holy station ;
And down to posterity, still on this ground
Made sacred alone by the Dove's consecration,
Will manna at morning and evening be found.

I'm glad, for the bliss that in boyhood I tasted,
I hope in this edifice yet to renew ;
When up to the meeting-house duly I hasted,
And sat with the rest in the family pew ;
And listened with reverence, and made my endeavor
To fasten on memory the chapter and text ;
And watched the good minister, though I could never
The argument scan that my reason perplexed.

I'm glad, for remembrance yet lingers around him,
The man of three-score, whom sincerely I thought
Unrivalled ; — the ties to his people that bound him,
I knew nor by meanness nor flattery were bought.

And years as they passed more his goodness revealing,
 Endeared him yet more to the hearts he had won ;
Refreshing e'en now to the soul's languid feeling,
 Are thoughts of that warrior whose conflict is done !

I'm glad, for though he has his pilgrimage ended,
 And many about him in vigor and bloom,
And most of the aged, with him have descended
 To final repose, and are lodged in the tomb —
I love to think of them; the soothing reflection
 Of days long departed, to me has no dread ;
'T is sweet to retrace them, nor is there dejection
 In thoughts of old scenes, old delights, and the dead.

And proudly a son of New England will cherish
 The customs that absence but serves to endear ;
He may measure earth's kingdoms, but never shall perish
 The smile of his childhood, or infancy's tear !
And, therefore, I'm glad that my fond recollection
 May here be excited to look on the past ;
This house, with its ritual, will call up affection
 For much that was pleasant — too pleasant to last !

I'm glad, for I know that the heart of the ranger
 These walls will remind of the home of his love,
As here in his worship he joins with the stranger,
 In the way of his fathers, now gathered above.
And here the sojourner, with sweeter emotion,
 Will take of the hope that Religion inspires,
As mingles unchecked in the tide of devotion,
 A spiritual thought of the land of his sires.

I'm glad, for unvexed, by disquiet that's reigning
 So sadly, where strife, most of all, ought to cease,

Here a church may be banded, intent upon gaining
Recruits to the flag of the Captain of Peace.
And ever may concord, the bond of the Spirit,
In one join its members, thus truly to live ;
As sons and as daughters, each bosom inherit
The peace, passing knowledge, He only can give !

I'm glad, for I hope that to ages will flourish
Within this enclosure, the plants of the Lord ;
And grace from his treasury like showers will nourish
The trees that are full of the sap of the word.
And here would I hope that the principles tested
So long in old Plymouth — so fitted to mock
The assaultings of error — may thrive unmolested,
Our pride, too, as theirs, who first stepped on the Rock !

I'm glad, for a watchman they 've called to this tower,
From the shrine of the Stoddards and Edwards he came,
Whose message already gives token of power,
Whose zeal is of pure evangelical flame.
And long may this lamp of the fresh oil be lighted,
Fed richly by unction that cometh from high —
And burn on the pathway, where thousands, benighted,
Shall gaze, and in penitence turn to the sky.

I'm glad, then, at length the materials appearing,
Prepared for the builder, and piled in our street,
Proclaim that the pious, unwearied, are rearing
A dome where the sons of the pilgrims may meet.
Oh ! Thou who hast laid, to the shame of the scorner,
In Zion, foundations — who only art skilled
To plan thine own glory — the Keystone and Corner,
To Thee, blessèd Trinity ! only they build.

THE GOOD.

“ His life hath flowed,
A sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored ; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.” — *Ion*.

SUCH is the Good ! — Go, thou, survey the Good,
Not in his holiday of hopes and joys,
But when life’s task is done. Look at that life !
Yes, scrutinize its doings. Lo, the long
And chequered scroll, though blotted here and there
With human frailty, shows no dastard deed
Of meanness, cruelty, dishonoring wrong,
Or aught, that in the sight of angels, men,
Or God, shall make him hang his head in shame.
True, he has wandered — who has not ? — yet he
Back, like a child, repenting, has returned,
And sought and found forgiveness. Oh, how warm
Were love’s strong gushings to his Father, then,
And gratitude, and sorrow for his fault,
While, like a swelling river, joy and grief
Rose in his bosom, and found sweet relief
In sacred tears !

Evenly has he trod
Life’s devious way ; the friend of honest worth,
Though clad in poverty. His step I ’ve seen
Directed often to the low abode
Of such ; ’t was his with kindly hand to dry
The trickling sorrows of the fatherless ;

And he would cause the widow's heart aloud
To sing for joy. The servant of his God, —
Not vaunting of his deeds, but trusting Him
Who once trod Calvary, — he journeyed on
The time appointed, and at last laid down,
Serenely, at his Master's call, and died.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

“And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor.” — *Deut.* xxxiv. 6.

To gorgeous burial goes the monarch,
With scarf, and mute, and nodding plume, —
The glitter, that flashed o'er his cradle,
Settles around his costly tomb.

To burial, with a grievous mourning,
The starred and laureled hero goes ;
And muffled drum and solemn trumpet
Ring out a stricken nation's woes.

And brows of wisdom are uncovered,
And hoary heads in grief are bent,
When he to senseless clay is gathered,
Whose spirit searched the firmament ;

And trod the fields, thick sown with planets,
And traced out Nature's secret laws ;
And followed, in their mighty courses,
Suns, stars, and worlds, to their First Cause.

With simple rite, the village maiden —
Cut down like some sweet flower at eve —
In all her loveliness is buried,
And rifled hearts are left to grieve.

To earth the little casket 's given,
That lately held a precious gem ;
Oh, *mother!* wast thou wholly willing
To yield it for God's diadem ?

There 's hollow woe, there 's genuine feeling,
When dust is given back to dust ;
Some are resigned by sweet Religion ;
Some acquiesce, because they must.

Yet of the burials Time has witnessed,
None in simplicity may vie,
None in their state with that of Moses,
Who went up Nebo's top to die.

What lofty obsequies were rendered
That hour when Darkness held the pall !
What pomp, where stood, in clouds pavilioned,
The silent, present, Lord of All !

How blest the man whose dust Jehovah
Hid in a grave that 's yet untrod !
Thrice blessèd he, that soul most happy,
Whose *life* is *hid* WITH CHRIST IN GOD !

SIN AMONG THE SINGERS.

DISCOURSERS on the vocal string,
And viol-chords of solemn cheer, —
Without the Spirit's offering
What do ye, dulcet triflers, here ?

Deem ye severest art and skill
To chime the song with due accord,
And wake the organ's voice at will,
To soft or deep, will please the Lord ?

Exact may be the leader's taste,
And faultless, execution's touch,
And yet on air the tones may waste,
And yet the heart be steeled by such.

Unlike the strains that sweetly rose
And swelled along the Syrian sky,
Whose theme was end to mortal woes,
Whose burden was a Saviour nigh.

Unlike Redemption's hymns, which they
Who touch the thunder-harps above,
In humble awe and reverence play —
The humbler for their earnest love.

If praise for science be your aim,
Ye only will secure His frown,
Who, jealous for His holy Name,
With Music will not share the crown.

He hates such harmony — its breath
Of mellow flutes, or trumpets' blast,
Is but the sullen wail of death,
When life and soul of song are past.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

KNOW ye the earth, on which ye tread,
Is a pleasant garden, merrily spread
With fruits of the best, with earliest flowers,
Dimpled with dells and decked with bowers, —
That the saint, nigh to faint, may rest him there,
And the heart may part with its griefs in prayer ;
And taste those draughts of the ravishing love
That flows in the bosoms of the blest above ?

Know ye the earth, so pleasant to-day,
Will pass, with its fruits and flowers, away ?
That its best and earliest show in their bloom
The blight of death, and decay of the tomb, —
And the light so bright to the dazzled eye,
Which gleams and streams on its morning sky,
Will fade as the cloud that twilight sees
Melt from the heavens with evening's breeze —
And the peace that the pilgrim sought to know,
He learns, in his sorrow, is not below ?

Know ye there remaineth a Heavenly Rest
For the weary one, and the care-oppressed —

That ye need not seek it on earth abroad,
'T is barren of bliss for the sons of God, —
That the saint will faint in its path of care,
And sigh and die, who rests him there ;
 That above, in bowers
 Where the deathless flowers
 Of holiness bloom,
 No blight of the tomb
Can come, — where sparkling rivers of bliss
Murmur on, as the margins of beauty they kiss?

NEW ORGAN IN CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THEY 'VE reared the ORGAN. He,* whose fond desire
It was to beautify this hoary pile,
Whose pleasant voice once lingered in its aisle,
Is absent from the service. Lo, this spire,
Antique and venerable, looketh down,
As for a century it hath, upon our town ;
The doors are open still ; along these walls
Swells noble minstrelsy ; but now no calls
Of love, persuasive, from his lips shall come —
The pastor that hath wooed for Christ is dumb.
Dumb? No ! his song is where ten thousand times
Ten thousand bow ; where the melodious chimes
Sound, as abroad the heaven of heavens they roll —
The Diapason of the ransomed soul !

* The late Rev. J. W. James, Rector of Christ Church.

VIRGINIA A. D****.

HAST thou never seen,
When the orb of day
Lightens with his sheen
Dark Niagara,
How his glories act
On the foam, and show,
O'er the cataract,
Heaven's beauteous bow ?

She, who lately plumed for flight, seeking rest above,
Saw thus over Jordan's tide, arched, the bow of Love.

Hath, at eve, thine eye
Watched the little billow
Rise and gleam and die,
On Atlantic's pillow —
When it seemed to thee
Sighing into rest,
Melting peacefully
Into ocean's breast ?

She, as kindly in repose, sighed away her breath,
Peacefully and gently thus, blended into death.

Saw'st thou, when, in light,
Sabbath glories rose ?
She, a Sabbath, bright,
Saw, yet not like those.

Longed she then to go,
Rest above, to spend?
Yes! begun below,
Rest that ne'er shall end.

Voices heard she, loved ones saw, sweetly from the sky
Beckoning to their holy home, wooing her to die.

In the final hour,
In the hour of doom,
When disease hath power,
When appears the tomb —
Where 's the Sovereign Arm,
Strong and sure to save?
What can chase alarm?
What adorn the grave?

She could answer, *HE* was there, well, the sufferer knew,
HE that through the grave had passed, strong to bear *her*
through.

When Niagara
Lifts his bow no more,
When have fled away
Ocean and the shore, —
She shall live again,
Where the mortal sigh
Heaves not, and where pain,
Yes! and Death shall die.

She, a child, a seraph *now*, leans on Jesus' breast,
Oh, for wings! that we might be, sweet one! thus at rest.

SACRED SONG.

How shall I cherish the desire
That often kindles in my breast,
O distant God! to draw yet nigher
Thy seat of holiness and rest?

I long to loose the hold that clings
To earth, the chain that binds to sin;
When will my spirit plume her wings,
Soar to thy love, and enter in?

When will she cease to quench her thirst
In streams that mock her with their shine;
And drink of cool, sweet wells that burst
Sparkling and true from founts divine?

When cease, a prodigal, to feed
On husks that far from home are found;
And gather, for her daily need,
Manna, that whitens all the ground?

I loath this fond, uncertain grief;
Abhor these evanescent tears;
This faith, that is not firm belief;
These weary doubts, these fitful fears.

I hate this changeful flight of prayer;
Now on the mount, and now below;
Now building tabernacles there;
Now groveling here, in listless woe.

Consistent, fixed, unwavering, true —
I long, I pant, I cry to be;
Creator! thine own work renew,
And bid it to resemble Thee,

THE MORNING STAR.

"I am the Root and the Offspring of David, and the Bright and Morning Star."— *Revelation*, xxii. 16.

BENIGHTED on the troublous main,
While stormy terrors clothe the sky,
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
And nought but stern despair is nigh ;
When lo ! a gem of peerless light,
With radiant splendor, shines afar ;
And through the clouds of darkest night,
Appears the Bright and Morning Star !

With joy he greets the cheering ray,
That beams on Ocean's weary breast ;
Precursor of a smiling day,
It lulls his fears to peaceful rest ;
No more in peril shall he roam,
For night and danger now are far ;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the Bright and Morning Star !

Thus, when affliction's billows roll,
And waves of sorrow and of sin
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within —
'T is JESUS, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar ;
He bids the raging tempest cease,
And shines the Bright and Morning Star !

TO MY BOY.

I HAILED thy launching forth to life,
And gazed on thee with busy joy ;
Nor dreamed I of the frequent strife
Thou 'dst meet upon that sea, my Boy !
Slender vessel on the deep,
Where the angry tempests sweep.

I lingered at thy pouting mouth,
How often ! for the parent's bliss ;
And cared not for the fragrant South,
When taking thence the balmy kiss ;—
Talk of pleasure !—boasting Earth
Yields none of a purer birth.

I watched thy growth, and sometimes fears
And sometimes precious hopes I had ;
These last prevailed, as, swiftly, years
Revealed to me the comely lad.
Health and beauty on his brow —
Pride ! thou 'rt busy with me now.

Yet I confess those raptures fade,
Their very recollections die,
Compared with bliss that 's on me laid,
That crowns my cup, to-day, as I
See thee thus in early bloom,
Vows, that bind to God, assume.

To cause such joy there's something more
Than Childhood's graces can impart,
And not from earth is delved the store
With which Heaven fills the parent's heart,
When, subdued by love, his son
Is to meek Religion won.

FOR MY CHILD.

O LORD my God! I would not seek
Those glances that the guilty shun,
Only that thou hast said, the weak
Have fellowship with Christ, thy Son.

And though earth's proud ones may not meet
Acceptance where thy chosen pray, —
In helplessness, before thy feet,
Where angels kneel, a father may.

He comes to thee in confidence,
A pleader for his offspring now;
Thou'lt hear! for in Judea once
The robe of Childhood worest Thou.

And only thou didst give these ties,
Pure kindlings — this dark world to cheer;
To whom, then, should a father's cries
Be gathered, save unto thine ear?

Thine ear! — that hears the lowest sigh
Breathed from this night of sighs, as soon
As trumpet tones that ring on high
The joys of thy eternal noon.

I know what hope's revealings are,
And faith her vision lends to me,
When, with the giant arm of prayer,
I lift my child, O Lord, to Thee.

Thou'lt hear! — and yet what form of speech
Shall all a father's heart reveal,
When every pulse the throne would reach,
When in my agony I kneel,

And ask that He who stills the wave,
Who touches, and in wrath 't is curled,
Will save him who goes forth to brave
The deeps of an unquiet world!

Thou, who didst mould his perfect form,
And round it bid the life-blood roll,
And, kindling blushes pure and warm,
Informed it with a conscious soul, —

Who else but Thee can cause to run
In holy ways, his faltering feet;
And fling around that trusting one,
The Arm that back the storm shall beat?

But Thee, to whom I gave him, when
Baptismal waters bathed his brow?
Thy promise calmed my spirit then;
Renew it, for I yield him now.

PRAYER DURING A PESTILENCE.

O THOU Unseen, Almighty God!
That rulest in power alone;
Afflicted by thy righteous rod,
We come before the throne.

And thou wilt never bid "depart" —
When our frail offerings rise;
For Thou hast said, the broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

With earnest tears, we intercede
For thy paternal care;
And, self-abased, do humbly plead
In penitential prayer.

Our city weeps in lowly dust,
Bowed by the hand Divine;
And still she owns thy dealings just,
For judgement, Lord, is thine.

Yet while Thou ridest in frowning mien,
And holdest the balance true,
O God! while thy dread scourge is seen,
Let Pity triumph too.

Though justice is thy diadem,
And wrath is thine alone,
Yet Mercy shines, the brightest gem
Around thy glorious throne.

ARROWS.

I SAW thee faint, the hour when came
 The arrow, with unerring aim,
 To pierce thy first-born ; yet thy God
 I knew could heal, though sharp the rod.
 And now, when scarcely fourteen days
 Have passed, the second arrow slays
 The last survivor, and the tomb
 Again has sunlight on its gloom,
 To show where with the newly dead
 Another child may lay its head.

Thrice has such message at *my* door,
 In by-gone days, been told. Ay, more
 Than this — four precious ones, that blest
 My heart and home, are now at rest.
 I know what 't is, long nights to watch
 The helpless sufferer, and to notch
 Each hour on Sorrow's tablet. Yes,
 To take the last pure breath, and kiss
 Away Death's damp from lip and brow.
 To meet all this, and meekly bow,
 All this, and own His " will be done,"
 Is victory — yet it may be won.

Weep freely — Nature asks the tear —
 Weep, as keen memory brings so near
 The thousand nameless, witching charms
 Of those that lately filled your arms.

Weep, as flit by the hopes that played
On life's horizon, when, arrayed
In rainbow tints, thou sawest the bow
Of promise for thy loved ones glow.
Yet weep resignedly ; each grace
Is clustered in a glorious place.
Yes, weep with joy ! those cherubs shine
Where all is real, all divine.

HYMN,

Sung at the Two Hundred and Tenth Anniversary of the First Congregational Church in Charlestown, Mass., Nov. 13, 1842.

GOD of our fathers ! while our ears
Shall hear the chronicles of old —
Thy wondrous deeds in ancient years,
Which sires unto their sons have told ; —

While our eyes see in History's glass
The red man of unconquered will,
And the pale patient pilgrim pass,
Where once he dwelt, along this hill ; —

While we review the way they trod
Of woe, and want, and war's grim curse, —
Afflictions met for love of God,
Privations borne, in faith, for us ; —

May we their spirit catch, and give
Ourselves, anew, to Truth and Thee ;
And like those worthies, dare to live
Freemen in Christ — the *only* Free !

BLESSING THE BATTLE.

"Father! I call on thee!
Clouds of the cannon smoke around me are wreathing;
Guider of battles, I call on Thee!"
Korner's Prayer during Fight.

It may be that the weal of nations
Their honor scorned or questioned right
Require, indeed, no lesser umpire
To arbitrate, than ruthless fight.

It may be that the ringing trumpet,
And piercing fife, and sullen drum,
And garments rolled in blood, and murmurs,
Discordant, of the battle's hum; —

Shrieks of the wounded and the dying,
The wreck of limb and waste of life,
The fury of devouring carnage,
And all the circumstance of strife; —

Are necessary to the order
And comfort of this world of ours,
Which has no sweet without a bitter,
Nor without thorns possesses flowers.

And yet when brothers murder brothers,
To ask God's blessing on the deed,
And crave his grace where cruel Slaughter
Leaves widowed hearts behind to bleed,

Is urging far the holy mockery, —
Is acting farce to Mercy's view;
I may be wrong, for Honor's something, —
Man on a death-bed! what think *you*?

THE TEMPLE.

HE sought Moriah's walls,
That heaved to heaven in pride ;
The Temple, like whose glorious halls,
The world had nought beside.

He entered — 't was His own ;
Of nations called the house of prayer ;
But money-changers filled his throne,
And Traffic's foot was there.

Woke, at his watchful nod,
Thunders for the offence ?
No — with a word the Son of God
Cast the defilers thence :

The merchant from his courts,
The doves, the changers, and their gold ;
And silenced the confused reports
Of men that bought and sold.

Thus near the Saviour drew
The temple of the Holy Ghost —
My heart, that sheltered, still untrue,
Folly's tumultuous host.

The Master's once it was,
But others had possession found ;
And where He should have given laws,
His enemy was crowned.

With a reproving frown,
To see his altar dimmed by sin,—
The gates of beauty broken down,
The world come trooping in,—

He, with a scourge of cords,
Drove every idol thence.
'T was sharp, — yet kind ; my gracious Lord's
This temple has been since.

THE SAILOR BOY.

ARISE, O Lord ! look kindly on the deep
Dark waters, which thy mighty hand outflung ;
Whose wondrous, awful beauty bards have sung
And still exhausted not. While thy winds sweep
Their moaning surface, and the billows leap
Up to the heavens ; when the storm's knell is rung,
And every wave, tumultuous, hath a tongue
Telling of God, who doth its fury keep
And who doth give it bridle — O, look down
In pity on that far-off widow's joy —
Her only hope, her comfort ! Do not frown
Upon her prayer at this rough midnight hour ;
But speak ! and spoil the dreadful tempest's power,
And spare to her lone love her SAILOR BOY !

WALKING ON THE SEA.

“ And about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them walking upon the sea.” — *Mark*, vi. 48.

TIBERIAS battles with the storm ;
And hark ! its waters cry
To sweeping winds, that answer give
From out the troubled sky.

And lo ! upon its raving tide,
How awfully serene
He walks, who, in the furnace, once,
Unscathed, the “ Fourth ” was seen.

He walks the waves ! the rebel waves
In deep submission lie ;
The wild winds hear his tread, and cease,
When Jesus passes by.

And in my spirit lurks a storm ;
Here chafes the angry sea ;
And wild winds here lift up their voice,
And rage continually.

Rebuke these waves, Redeemer ! they
Shall slumber at thy call ;
Oh, move amid these winds, — the winds
Shall at thy presence fall !

RETURN OF THE JEWS.

WILL he never return?— will the Jew
In exile, eternally pine?
By the multitude scorned, pitied only by few,
Will he never his vows to Jehovah renew
Beneath his own olive and vine?

Will the wrath of the Lord to him burn
For aye, who the Nazarene vexed?
Will not the Lord's slayer in penitence learn,
And the nailer, and spearman, and mocker return,
For the crime deeply stirred and perplexed?

Will he dwell with the Gentiles, who slight
His shrine, and make traffic their god?
Slink in alleys and avenues, where the dark rite
Of London is offered to Gold, day and night—
Whose fathers Jerusalem trod?

Will he yield up his treasures of wealth
On the rack, at the gibbet and stake?
Shall his wife, daughters, sons, shall his ease and his health,
Ay, and life, be cut off, or enjoyed but in stealth?
Shall he not from such tyranny break?

Will he crouch to Mohammed's control,
In suburbs, pent up like a thief?
And drink of contempt, and reproachings, the bowl,
Who of chivalry once, and of honor, was soul,
Whose nation of nations was chief?

Shall his oil and his wine ne'er be reapt?

Shall his harp hang by Babylon's tide —
Whose music of sweetness for ages hath slept,
O'er whose strings hath no finger of cheerfulness swept,
In songs of deliverance and pride?

Shall he ne'er at the festival's sheen,
The new moon, or Sabbath attend?
Where Zion in beauty and glory was seen,
When shoutings went up — trumpets calling between —
While praises were wont to ascend?

Where the censer gave richest perfume,
Where the Holy of Holies had place,
Where the almond of Aaron was laid up in bloom,
Where the Ark of the Covenant had resting and room,
Where Shechinah gave token of grace?

Zion! name that brings freshly the sigh;
Zion! name at which tears freely fall;
Where the mosque of the prophet peers proudly and high,
The Müezzín at noon gives idolatrous cry,
Where Allah is worshipped of all!

'T is the Zion, oh, God! which thy arm
Still embraces, for her thou hast set
Most safe in thy love, deeply graved on thy palm,
Secure from defilement, and terror, and harm,
Her bulwarks before thee are yet.

And thy oath! — 't was to Abraham given!
Thy servant, devoted to thee —
As the sands on the shore, as the leaves by winds driven,
As the planets that spangle the Syrian heaven,
So his children in number shall be!

Like kings on their conquering car,
 They return! for their bondage is burst;—
“My sons shall be gathered, my daughters from far;
To bear them where shines Jacob’s beautiful Star,
 Lo, Tarshish with ships shall be first!”

I see them! I see them! behold!
 Every stream, sea and ocean is white,
Where their canvass points home, where their standard’s
 broad fold

Waves on to the East, as it waved once of old,
 When the Ark moved, enveloped in light!

I see them! how wondrous the crowd!
 From Ganges, from Humber, from Nile, —
As doves to their windows, they fly as a cloud;
How roll their hosannas! how lordly and loud
 Horn and timbrel give answer the while!

Be lifted, ye gates! for ’t is HE
 Once led by the rabble to die,
Once spit on, and thorn-crowned, and hung on a tree,
Now worshipped, anointed, exalted to be
 A Prince and a Saviour on high.

Who is He that of glory is King?
 To whom shall be lifted the gates?
Shout, thousands of Israel! ye worshippers, bring
Oblations! Let earth with her jubilee ring!
 THE CROWN FOR THE NAZARENE WAITS!

Then, Christian, reproaches and stain
 No longer give thou to the Jew;
For, gathered in gladness to Zion again,
He will own that Messiah, appointed to reign,
 Has come, — the Great Witness and True.

LOVE.

“ Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only Love,
Then only Love were cause enough for praise.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRUE it is, oh, weary toiler
In a path where pitfalls be,
And where lies in wait the spoiler —
True it is, for thee and me,
In the path that leads above,
Walketh with us watchful Love.

True it is, that bid to tarry —
Christian — on thy couch of pain,
Though we may not to thee carry
Hope of health and ease again —
This, thy trial-way above,
Smoothed and guarded is by Love.

True it is, oh, weeping mother,
At the coffin of thy boy,
Thou hast anguish that another
Knoweth not, and thou hast joy
Which the unstricken may not prove,
For the blow is dealt by Love.

True it is, oh, sinner, broken
As thy heart is, on the wheel
Of Remorse, that Mercy's token
Lifted is to those who feel.
See it! where the healing Dove
Flutters o'er the Cross in Love.

True it is, perplexed and troubled,
Thou on life's uncertain tide ;
All thy sorrows more than doubled,
By those dear ones at thy side ;
That these stormy waters move
Only at the word of Love.

True it is, each billow 's bidden
Only thus in wrath to go,
And the raging deep is chidden
In its fearful overflow.
Were there nothing Praise to move
But such Love, there 's cause in Love.

THE SONS OF GOD.

“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.” — 1 *John*, iii. 1.

“So astonishing did this seem, when one of the Malabrian converts was required by the Danish missionaries thus to translate this passage, that he shrunk from it, as far too bold. ‘Let me rather render it,’ said he, ‘They shall be permitted to kiss his feet.’” — *Notes to Cottage Bible*.

TO THE ANGELS.

AND who are they that wear such name,
By whom your starry courts are trod ;
Above yon ministers of flame,
And known as Sons of God ?

Whose forms seem like to men below,
Whose anthems, sweeter than the rest,
Speak of some sad, mysterious woe,
Deliverance and rest ; —
Who touch with warmer thrill the string
Of warbling harps, and to their lyres
Unwonted love and gladness bring,
And far intenser fires : —
Oh, who are they, whose lofty song
To hear, your hosts delay their own, —
That humblest bow of all your throng,
And nearest to the throne ?

THE ANGELS' REPLY.

These are from unknown tongues and climes,
And this their song of sweet degrees ;
Hark ! through wide heaven, as one, its chimes
Peal, like the sound of seas.
And their rich music truly tells
That each, whose feet with joy is shod,
Once lost, now found, for ever dwells,
The reconciled with God.
From deepest depths of miry sin,
Pollution, and the dreadful curse,
Raised, and adorned without, within,
On thrones commanding us —
They sing of chastisement and grace ;
And we, who never knew the rod,
Gaze not on the Redeemer's face,
As gaze these Sons of God !

LET ME LIVE TILL I AM OLD.

LET me live till I am old !
Death, though still in manhood's prime,
I would meet, as meets the bold,
Yet I fain would "'bide my time."
What are threescore years and ten ?
Scarcely span enough to kiss
Tears from off Life's blessings : then
Let me gather all Life's bliss.
'T is a little leaf, at best,
Which for ever I may spell
Of Life's doings, ill or well, —
When among the stars I rest,
Measured by its sands of gold,
When eternal day I tell.
Let me live till I am old !

No ! Religion quickly cries ;
Life hath thorns as well as roses.
Death the earlier glimpse discloses,
Unto him that early dies,
Of the peaceful paradise,
Where sufficeth thought to dwell —
Pausing 'mid that thunder song —
On the path, or brief or long —
Trode with joy, in sorrow trode,
Meeting pleasure or the rod ;
'T is the same. In heaven 't is well,
If on earth we walked with God.

THE DEAD.

BURIED once, the sleeping dust,
Let not changes, let not lust
Of reward, tempt hirelings, rude,
To disturb its solitude,
In its coffin, in the clay,
Hidden from the gaze of day, —
Where upon the mouldering mass
Groweth the luxuriant grass,
Where the spotted grave-cloth cleaveth
To the bosom that ne'er heaveth ;
Where the snail his slimy trace
Leaves on the unshrinking face ;
Where, with sad corruption, pride
Lieth, nestling, side by side,
Saying to it, Hail, my mother !
To the worm, My sister ! brother ! —
Where the schemes and hopes of man
Are within a little span ;
Where forgot are love and hate ;
Where the beggar finds his mate
In the prince, and beauty sleeps —
Where the sluggish vapor creeps
Round her with unwholesome chill ;
Where the weary takes his fill
Of unbroken dreamless rest,
With the clod upon his breast ;
Where the sons of Adam lie
Sleeping — till the melted sky

Mingles with the deep, and earth
Yields them once again to birth,
Ready — past Death's night away —
For the final judgment day.
Till then — undisturbèd be
All that is mortality.
Till then, Avarice! spare the grave.
Till then, look not on the slave
Shrouded here, ye curious eyes! —
“Spare his dust the outrage,” cries
Decency; such deed of night
Grieves the heart and sickens sight.

THE BURNING.

A lady in New Hampshire, who has been made to drink deeply of affliction, was lately summoned, with her children, on a fair Sabbath morning, to witness the burning of her dwelling; and in that calamity to behold all that was left of her little possessions, swept away. The neighbors, deeply sympathizing with her, stood, and gazed on the ruins, unmindful of the bell that called to afternoon worship. She, as usual, attended church, and by her calm demeanor and absorbed spirit, showed that the sanctuary is the place where sorrow may find its healing, as well as where joy may express its gratitude.

I'VE told my story; need my verse
On such instructive grief to dwell?
Or to the heart, in lines, rehearse
What every heart might love to tell?

In my mind's eye, I see her stand, —
Her soul subdued, yet all unbroke, —
Receiving from her Father's hand —
Herself a child — a Father's stroke.

By stern affliction, years before,
Led gently down the humble vale,
Where pilgrims drink of Heaven, the more
That earthly streams of comfort fail.
Her mansion, wrapped in cruel flame,
That leaps and darts in fiery glee;
A fierce devourer none can tame,
The mother's eye is bid to see.

The mother — on whose slender arms,
Pale, drooping flowers, her daughters lean;
To shield from life's unnumbered harms,
To guide through wastes, as yet unseen —
Beholds depart what Mercy spared;
Sees hopes, that lingered, turn to dust;
And yet, for woe by woes prepared,
The storm but drives her to her Trust.

The neighbors strive; yet all in vain
Their feeble strife with giant Fire;
The servant freed will despot reign,
And show how grovelings may aspire.
They gaze, nor heed the bell that calls,
Entreating, to the house of prayer; —
She hears, and on her spirit falls,
Like balm, the invitation there.

In my mind's eye, I see her kneel
Where hope is strengthened from above ;
Those quiet tears the peace reveal
That flows when trial comes in love.
And she is taught in Sorrow's school,
On Heaven, alone, her feet to stay ;
And takes, for her's, the Psalmist's rule —
In grief or gladness still to pray.

MANY WAYS.

MANY ways, Jehovah ! Thou
Hast to make the sinner bow ;
Many gracious ways to bring
Home the lost and wandering —
Travelers in forbidden roads,
Whom a guilty conscience goads ;
And the thoughtless, who is free
From its stings, Lord to thee
Thou dost win in many ways,
And to Thee be all the praise !
Some thou callest in a tone
Musical as Mercy's own.
Sweet the harmonies that tell
Of forgiveness, then ; — 't is well
When they listen to the Bride,
And renounce, forever, Pride !
Some thou callest by the loud
Thunderings of thy judgment cloud ;

When the midnight's angry peal
 Doth to quickened thought reveal
 All of vileness, dared and done,
 All of utter ruin won ;
 When transgressors, that were wooing
 Pleasure to the soul's undoing,
 Pause, bewildered — look within,
 Look to Christ, and leave their sin.
 By the path of sorrow, thou
 Leadest stricken parents now ;
 She who bendeth silently
 O'er the child that soon must die,
 Thou dost call in every groan
 Of that sufferer, to her own
 Keener anguish answering, —
 Her through trial thou dost bring,
 That she may of mercy sing,
 And from nightshade of the tomb
 Turn to flowers of living bloom.
 Some by sickness thou dost call, —
 Some, above a buried friend,
 Ponder on their latter end.
 Others, shuddering at the pall,
 Winding sheet, and sepulchre,
 Turn to thee. Amid the stir
 Of the busy multitude,
 Some — and some in solitude ;
 Some, in visions of the night ;
 Some, when basking in the bright
 Beamings of prosperity ;
 Some in abject poverty.
 Some — filled up existence' page —
 Thou dost call in wintry age ;

Some — most sweet and pleasant flowers —
 Offer thee their vernal hours.
 Some, in their ancestral halls,
 Some, as beggared prodigals ;
 Some, the anxious father's care,
 Poured out in the midnight prayer ;
 Some, a mother's quiet tear
 To the kingdom bringeth near ;
 Plaintive hymn dissolves that soul,
 This, the noble organ's roll ;
 Some, a single caution wins ;
 This one stops, in view of sins
 Raging round him like a flood,
 And rebuked, alarmed, to God
 Flies he in the troublous hour,
 Only safe with Sovereign Power ;
 Some, within their cedar rooms,
 Others, wrapt in dungeon glooms ;
 Some, whose lot with thrones is cast,
 Some, upon the giddy mast ;
 Some, before the public gaze,
 Some, in secret. Many ways
 Of compassion, Lord ! hast thou !
 Teaching rebel men to bow ;
 Many ways to bring to thee
 Wilful heart and stubborn knee ;
 Many ways to lead above : —
 Oh, for ways to praise thy love !

MADAGASCAR.

“No man of God shall tread this isle,”
The queen of Madagascar said ;
“Who Christ shall teach — by force or guile
Shall pay the forfeit of his head.
Our gods, that give us weal or curse,
Abused or praised, will do for us.

“Bring forth the wretches who forsake
The altars that our fathers served ;
Be theirs the dungeon, stripe and stake,
Reward of treason, well deserved.
Draw out the sharp and shining spear,
With vengeance flushed, — impale them here.”

She did not know that One, who sits
Above, doth at the scoffers laugh ;
And holds in scorn their feeble wits,
And drives their hopes away as chaff.
Nor knew that royal David cries
To kings and queens, “Be wise, be wise.”

That He, on heaven's circle, spurns
What princes deem their fondest joy ;
And overturns, and overturns
Their empires, like an idle toy.
And in displeasure, sore, doth vex
The wolves that dare His fold perplex.

What though this Madagascar queen
Pursues the conscript men of God,
And with her sacrifice, obscene —
To horrid demons — mix their blood ;
Though kings and queens His message shun,
They must submit, and kiss the Son.

Though in the galaxy that flames
Before the eye of angels, *she*
Joins to those high immortal names
The lowly, scorned, Ra-sa-la-mè,*
Who had for martyr-fame no thirst —
Of Madagascar's martyrs first ; —

We *know* the light of Bethlehem's Star
Shall reach the darkest depths of guilt,
Though edicts swarm of pope and czar,
Though blood by pagan sword be spilt.
For has not God declared decree —
I give, my Son, the earth to Thee ?

Then fly, ye ships ! to heathen coasts,
All freighted with Salvation's gem, —
And bear the sacramental hosts
Where blinded nations wait for them :
The world by grace must yet be won ;
By man the labor must be done.

* Ra-sa-la-mè spoke so boldly in defence of Christianity, that she was fixed upon to appease the wrath of the queen. She was most severely whipped for several days successively, before she was put to death — a thing never heard of before in Madagascar. She, however, continued steadfast to the end, and met death with such calmness and tranquility, that the executioners repeatedly declared that "there was some charm in the religion of the whites, that took away the dread of death." — *Missionary Herald for February, 1839.*

LIVING — DEAD.

“HE lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside ;
For other source than God is none,
Whence life can be supplied.”

Thus Cowper sung, and Cowper *knew* —
And thousands sing like this ;
For still experience shows how true
The Christian's source of bliss.

Such, to a plant is likened well,
That blooms where waters are ;
Whose early buds of promise swell,
Whose leaf is green and fair ;

That thrives and yields perpetual fruit,
Sweet, fresh, and good to see ;
Whose sap mounts upward from the root,
And spreads through all the tree.

Above its sisterhood, it towers
In beauty — not in pride ;
And fragrance from its world of flowers
It scatters far and wide.

The Husbandman comes gladly down,
Its loveliness to view ;
Its increase is His purchased crown ;—
His was the labor too.

But those that turn their feet aside
From Wisdom's only way,
And, leaving God, confer with Pride,
And selfish Will obey —

Are dead ; no more the branch is green —
The buds no longer swell ;
The dry and withered leaf is seen
On winds that waft to hell.

Stop ! thou who dost my lines peruse ;
Monition take from me,
Not verse, a moment to amuse,
A *message* is to thee.

Hast thou a deep, abiding root,
O, goodly tree, and tall ! —
Or art thou blasted, wanting fruit,
And nodding to thy fall ?

OH WHY SHOULD THIS POOR WORLD OF OURS.

OH, why should this poor world of ours
Bewilder with its foolish schemes —
Delight with its decaying flowers,
And cheat me with its empty dreams ?

Have I one object, and but *one*,
That solely should the mind engross ?
A war to wage — a race to run —
The gold to sever from the dross —

And, in this narrow inch of time,
The work of countless years to do?
'Mid these low thoughts, a theme sublime
To ponder, ever vast and new? —

And but these fleeting days of strife
To gaze in retrospect upon,
Through cycles of an Endless Life,
While all its ages journey on?

Oh, wondrous God! shall I be mad
In the base struggle, thus, for gain,
Or honor, pleasure, good and bad,
To urge it with desire, insane?

Or shall I change, as years increase,
The ill that's past, for worse to come —
Pursue with tears the phantom, peace,
And overtake of woe the sum?

Nor pause upon my march, one hour,
My march, that with the grave begins —
And strive to snap, with frenzied power,
The chain that binds me to my sins? —

Upon the topmast sleeping yet,
Whence down to depths I may be cast,
Shall I dream on, and still forget
The port which I must make at last? —

Nor listen to the voice that weeps
Above the storm, in hopeless pain;
Nor heed the wretches o'er whom sweeps
The dark and melancholy main?

I'll pause — my weary soul! one hour;
For thee a new career begins;
I'll strive to snap, with frenzied power,
The chain that binds me to my sins.

This hour! *this* hour! Oh, no; oh, no;
This hour eternity may be:
THIS MOMENT, blessèd Lord, I go,
From sin and sin's despair, to Thee.

AN EARLY DEATH.

“Death —
The portal, opening into Paradise;
Where grace, that *in the bud* was here below,
Into the *flower* of glory straight shall blow.”
Francis Taylor, 1658.

WE may to our companion go,
And strive to lessen anguish thus,
While softened sorrows freely flow —
But he will ne'er return to us.

We may, recalling all the charms
And solid worth that made him dear,
Fold round his form affection's arms,
And seem to hold the spirit here.

But no — that spirit is away;
We only clasp insensate dust; —
That soars in uncreated day,
This waits the rising of the just.

Here, now, at dull corruption's claim,
How slumbers *this* without a care ;
" On wheels of light, on wings of flame,"
How *that*, for aye, expatiates *there* !

And can it be, the cheek of bloom,
That spake of bliss, and days, and health,
Is pillowed in the silent tomb,
To glut the worm's insatiate wealth ?

And can it be, the eye of light
That flashed out boyhood's hope, is dim ?
And shades of everlasting night
Have lowered, and settled down on him ?

And can it be, the dulcet voice,
That captive held Refinement's throng,
And wakened tears, and bade rejoice, —
Reveals no more the soul of song ?

We fondly ask, if all that gave
To parents, friends, associates — joy,
Can sink to an untimely grave ?
Can *such*, Decay, indeed, destroy ?

We ask, dear youth ! and from the sod
Which covers all that late was fair,
Turn to the dwelling-place of God,
Thy home — and find an answer there.

MAN IS WRONG.

MAN is wrong in his pursuits, —
 Sowing wrong, unholy fruits
 Reapeth he. In desiring
 He is wrong. In aspiring,
 Yea, in groveling, he is wrong ;
 Weak in good, in evil strong.
 Wrong, the moment he beginneth
 Running in the race of life.
 At each step he only sinneth ;
 And his goal is only strife.
 Wrong in childhood — how perverse,
 Obstinate, and giddy he !
 Wrong in youth — a frequent curse,
 Parent ! is thy boy to thee :
 Wrong in manhood ; just the course
 Wisdom warneth from, he takes ;
 Wrong in age — he 's folly's source,
 Whence the wrecking torrent breaks.
 Wrong in hopes, and wrong in fears,
 Wrong in smiles, and wrong in tears,
 Wrong in object, wrong in plan,
 Wrong in action — such is man !
 Wrong in life, his parting breath
 Ebbs out as an idle song :
 Wrong is he in awful death —
 Living, dying, only wrong.
 " CYNIC ! " — No, a truthful sketch
 Gives my pencil of *thy* face ;
 Here, thou seest what a wretch
 Is God's image, *wanting* grace.

BAPTISM AT THE COFFIN'S HEAD.

"Agreeably to her request, her little babe was baptized at the head
of its mother's coffin."

LIETH here beneath her shroud,
Like a star beneath a cloud,
She, of whom our love was proud.

Common mourners are not here ;
Sorrow, bending o'er this bier,
Drops no inexpressive tear.

Kind, consistent, earnest one ;
Active — all her labor done ;
Ripe for summons to the SON.

Meek in her allotted place ;
Panting for and finding grace ;
Winner in the Christian race.

Giving life, she yielded life ;
Sharp the struggle, sore the strife, —
Quick and keen the severing knife.

In the matron's modest bloom,
Just a mother — to the tomb
Summoned by relentless Doom.

Just allowed earth's purest bliss,
Just allowed her bud to kiss,
Ere she perished — anguish, this !

“Perished?” — No! — from this terrene
Borne by angels, she is seen;
God beholds the evergreen!

Stay awhile the funeral stave!
Stay, ere the insatiate grave
Takes the lovely dust it gave.

Stay! — for so she bade us — till
We perform her dying will,
Ere the waiting grave ye fill!

Bring the precious, fatal gift!
Heart! thy inner purpose sift,
While the fervent prayer we lift.

Meet it is, in truthful prayer,
Thus to God our grief and care
To commit and leave them there.

Meet it is, when mothers go,
Thus the orphan to bestow
On His heart who loves it so!

Bring it to the Coffin's Head!
Kneel, while solemn word is said,
In the presence of the dead!

Though her little babe is nigh,
From that bosom, where 't would lie,
Comes not the maternal sigh.

Beckon not the sheltering arms,
To protect it from alarms ;
Speaketh not the voice that calms.

Ah ! the stream of life is dried,
Which those tiny lips supplied ;
Ah ! a mother's breast denied !

Peaceful doth that mother lie —
Closed affection's ear and eye ;
Heedless of her baby's cry.

Water — of blest purity
Emblem — do we pour on thee ;
Little one ! regenerate be —

Only by the crimson flood
Of the Spotless, in the blood
Of the very Son of God !

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
Take the helpless — take the lost,
Purchased, once, at Calvary's cost.

Onward ! — we have holy joy
Breaking on our sad employ ;
Death ! thou canst not *this* destroy.

OUT OF EGYPT HAVE I CALLED MY SON.

COME out of Egypt, oh, mine undefiled,
Dove of the Lord ; innocuous, wondrous Child !
Thy foes are dead, and sleeps the sword that swept
The home of Rama, when their Rachel wept.

Come out of Egypt — to that land of death
The shut-up heavens reveal, not now, life's breath ;
To Zion shall the Light of Life return ;
O'er Palestine the Gospel Star shall burn.

Come out of Egypt ; not "in haste," "by night,
As when fear waited on Messiah's flight ;
In peace return to David's royal town,
Whose throne awaits thee not, nor lineal crown.

Come out of Egypt ; yet, as sinks the sun,
To rise again when night's due course is run,
So thou, from Mizraim, shalt withdraw thy ray,
To flood her with thy beams another day.

Come out of Egypt ; yet, to trials come ; —
To suffering, lack of ease, of friends, of home ;
Yes, griefs by day, at night, with tears to lie ;
Come, thou, to be betrayed, to groan and die.

Come out of Egypt, from the grave to rise,
And, for its slain, to ope the eternal skies ;
To plant Religion's Rose in every wild,
To bless a world ; — oh, come, Incarnate Child !

SWEET OUT OF BITTER.

“ We know not the depth of the wisdom of thee, our Prince. Who could have thought, that had been ruled by his reason, that so much sweet as we do now enjoy should have come out of those bitter trials wherewith we were tried at the first? ” — *The Holy War.*

SWEET out of bitter, God designed
For weary, wandering man ;
And only he who is resigned
To God, fulfils the plan.

And he may see, that hath an eye,
Those purposes above,
Written on ocean, earth, and sky —
Wrought in the web of love.

Complex, indeed, the wondrous threads
That form the warp and woof ;
Yet light the Almighty Toiler sheds
On work, for our behoof.

He speaks to us — a veil between —
In language all unknown,
Till Faith instructs — and then 't is seen
As lucid as his throne.

Yea, did we not on trial look
With unbelieving eyes,
'T would be to us a gracious book,
Perused with glad surprise.

If we, unyielding, do not hear
The Appointer's gentle rod ;
With stripes, increasingly severe,
May come a frowning God.

His wisdom is a mighty sea ;
And we may not explore
The depths of his Infinity, —
That flood without a shore.

These griefs, like sloughs, that mar our way,
And seem our course to blight,
Seen thus, are green spots, where we may
Lie down, and take delight.

When sounding our high harps, the chord
That best will quicken heaven,
Will be the anthem to our Lord,
For all earth's trials given.

And counting there the mercy-gems,
Set here with skill divine —
While others fade, as diadems
How will these sorrows shine !

Come, partner ! we have wept full long ;
Full long have lain opprest ;
Rise ! — for the past give God a song,
And trust Him for the rest.

The cloud has lowered, the storm has rung
Its wild blast to the heart ;
But sunbeams on that cloud are flung —
The storm will soon depart.

These bitter tears, if seen aright
The Source which bids them flow,
Will change to those fair drops of light
That make the rainbow's show.

All rebel murmurings will die,
And we, rebuked, and still,
Like vanquished storms, will love to lie
Beneath our Father's will.

SLEEP.

"Sleep is awful." — *Byron.*

To him at strife with conscience, sleep
Must be a thing of dread ;
What images of horror leap
Like fiends about his bed !
He tosses on the eider-down, —
The finely textured sheet
That wraps his body, fails to give
The rest to nature sweet.

Yet *is* sleep "awful?" — Ask the hind
That plods among the corn,
How seemeth slumber unto him,
Who toils from rosy morn
Till welcome evening shades the hills —
He laughs at such a word ;
What is there awful to his breast
By no ill musings stirred ?

In visions of the night, when earth,
So late in arms, is dumb,
And all is hushed, save troubled thoughts
That like dark phantoms come, —
How sadly rise, in long array,
The deeds men deemed were fled !
How busy cruel Memory then,
With things long fancied dead !

Then sleep is awful — wonder not
That he who sin did choose,
Still found all things designed for good,
To yield him good, refuse.
Or that, in his soul's agony,
With every mercy given
He battled, who in madness waged
Unhappy war with Heaven. *

To such, each gift of love, of life,
Each than the other worse —
Can only be, in its abuse,
A constant, bitter curse.
For what to virtue *blessings* are,
Most sweet, and safe and kind, —
Are *evils*, terrible to him
Of sin-distempered mind.

* See Lord Byron's verses on completing his thirty-sixth year :

“The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle,” &c.

A WEARY WORLD.

“ A WEARY world,” forever cry
The stricken, troubled, and the sad ;
And openly, alike the bad,
Alike the good, in secret sigh ;
And “ weary, weary world,” is still
The burden of their song of ill.

Aforetime, I have strung some lays
In idleness, to theme like this ;
And shut my wilful eyes on bliss,
That round me lay in noontide blaze ;
And chose the darkness that, in stour,
Fancy beheld around me lower.

It pleased me then, to say or sing,
“ This world is all a fleeting show ; ”
And all its joys, as well as woe,
Are sombre as the raven’s wing,
And flat as dreams of folly past,
That charm awhile, and cheat at last.

I’ve wiser grown ; — and this fair world
Seems fraught with something of the grace,
That God inscribed upon its face,
When he the lovely planet hurled
Away, — as Time began his years, —
To join the dances of the spheres.

“ My heart leaps up,” when I am fanned
By morning’s fragrance-laden air ;
How blessèd is the night ! how fair
The landscape where I spy His hand !
The hill and vale have charms for me ;
The river, and the broad blue sea.

Yes ! and its fields, and fruits, and flowers,
Its sun, and stars, and glorious frame,
Now tell me of the Maker’s Name.
I read it in the flying hours,
I feel it in the summer’s glow ;
’T is spangled on the winter’s snow.

His love I welcome in the joy
Of friendship, and I need not roam
For sweeter proof ; my humble home —
Where pleasures dwell, that never cloy,
Where peace has dove-like wing unfurled —
Tells me ’t is *not* a “weary” world.

“ Sin makes it weary ; ” true, yet here
Thy argument doth blindly halt ;
’T is not the world, but man’s in fault ;
And were to such the heavens brought near,
And could sin there one moment dwell,
Then heaven would be a “weary” hell.

And spirit ! can that weary be,
Disgusting, vexing, on whose front
(Too deeply writ for ruin’s brunt,
Or change,) stands thy eternity ?
This, on which spleen in judgment sat,
Thy one probation-place for *that* !

God never wrought with ill intent,
Nor vainly ; and this glorious world,
O'er which his starry skies are curled,
O'er which his bow of love is bent —
Scene of his Son's accomplished plan —
Is *not* a "weary" world for man.

I'll love it, and with holy love ;
For its high mysteries will employ
Thought, language, love, in worlds of joy.
There — and such be my bliss above ! —
Earth has sweet portion in the soul,
And shall have, as those ages roll.

A PORTRAIT.

Written while its original, Rev. James Patterson, of Philadelphia, was in the midst of his days and usefulness, and six weeks prior to his sudden and lamented death.

HE ministers where busy men
Do cluster in the mart of PENN.
Its northern suburbs well have known
The light that twenty years hath shone
In many an alley, lane and street
Of those thronged Liberties, where meet
The careless, godless and profane.
In many a house his ready feet
Have visited, a soul to gain,
Whom he hath warned, and not in vain.

Wouldst note him? Seek yon dome of prayer,

His wonted place — behold him there.

He stands, with form that toil hath bowed,

In meekness to delight that crowd.

His furrowed cheek and thin grey hair

Would tell of age, did not that eye

Of kindling spark, the thought deny; —

Would tell of weakness, did not lips

Of burning eloquence, and heart

That into Heaven's mystery dips,

Instruction, awe and peace impart.

With Saxon strength of language, he

Pours thoughts that rise in giant strength;

With quaint, appropriate imagery,

Convincing in simplicity,

He shows his subject's breadth and length.

The weapon doth he strongly draw,

Bright, keen and tempered, of the law;

And while fools cavil, that its edge

Wears not a nice and useless shine,

It severs like a mighty wedge

The gnarled tough heart with power divine.

Dost ask for fruit? 'T is ample — some

Is gathered up to bless him here;

And from earth's confines men shall come —

His crown, when lost are star and sphere.

“That Day of wrath, that dreadful Day

When heaven and earth will pass away” —

When swells on high the trumpet's sound,

Let me be found where *he* is found!

When sinks beneath my foot the land,

Let me but stand where *he* doth stand!

Who shall be greatest deemed of all
That sit in white on thrones above?
Not he for gifts esteemed, like Paul,
But he who toiled, like Paul, in love.
Earth's great ones, while abashed they wear
In heaven, a rayless diadem,
Shall see *such*, high in glory there,
Spangled and starred with many a gem.

THE SACRAMENT OF BAPTISM.

PASTOR.

BEHOLD where the exalted Son
To infants offers rest ;
Come, parent, bring thy little one,
And lay it on His breast.

He round its wakeful hours, will fling
The Arm that safely keeps ;
And, better than an angel's wing,
Will fold it when it sleeps.

He'll flush its cheeks with rosy health ;
From sickness guard, and pain ;
Or, if He comes to ask thy wealth
Of blessing back again,

Will lead it from our frosts, to where
Bright summer never dies ;
And, as their offspring eagles bear,
Will bear it to the skies.

MOTHER.

O, holy man, what thou dost teach
Disquieteth my heart ;
Can stain my spotless infant reach ?
Hath folly in it part ?

My bird, just fledged to cheerful life,
And chirping from its nest,
What can it know of sorrow's strife ?
What needeth it of rest ?

Its eye is clear, its pulse is free,
Life leaps in every vein ;
Why namèst thou my joy to me,
In company with pain ?

The weary, heavy-laden one,
By secret sin oppressed —
The youth, to open follies won,
The aged, sigh for rest ; —

But this, my bud of morning's hour,
Is new to this world's sky ;
God will not let such tender flower
By passion's tempests die.

PASTOR.

Yet bring it, parent ! for thy child,
Mortality's true heir,
Is cast out in a thorny wild
Of passion, grief, and care.

That eye disease may dim ; that form —
God's sweet and graceful flower —
May droop before the cruel storm,
And perish in an hour.

The little babe may "weary" be;
The buoyant child of mirth
Thou mayest a "burdened pilgrim" see,
Pressed heavily to earth.

The germ of folly hid within
May sprout in baleful bloom;
The unregarded spark of sin
May flesh and soul consume.

Of journeyers to a world above,
Whate'er their fortunes be,
The youngest need a Saviour's love —
The love that helpeth thee.

That love sufficeth for the old;
'T is treasure for the man;
Life for the children of the fold,
And infant of a span.

Nor think thy dreams, prospective, give
Firm ground for hope to build;
The man lives not — he may not live,
Whose every hope's fulfilled.

Spring's blossoms, studding thick the bough,
Oft fail of autumn's fruit;
God doth with leaves the tree endow, —
A worm is at the root.

'T is wise for us, for them 't is wise,
Ere falls the teaching rod —
To point their wishes to the skies,
Their purposes to God.

For, when he pillared earth on air,
And did the waters bind,
Children and parents blended were
With pity in his Mind.

Of blessings which a Father gives,
Wouldst thou thy child defraud?
The Abrahamic Covenant lives —
Its seal: **THUS SAITH THE LORD!**

'T is kind — while o'er the waves of sin
All safely rides our bark —
To take our struggling children in
With us to Mercy's Ark.

Now, then, in this, its feeble hour,
To quiet thine alarms,
Commit thy infant to His power,
And to a Saviour's arms.

And for it ask Almighty care,
And ask securing grace;
His heart hath audience for thy prayer,
And for thy child a place.

MOTHER.

O, while these sparkling water-drops
Suffuse my infant's brow,
Its spirit wash from every stain,
And bless it, Saviour! Thou!

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and groans and tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest ; —
'T is then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy —
And they who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again with joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
Along that heavenly shore.
There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they who once have sown in tears
Now reap eternal joy.

When the revealing hour is near
That sunders every tomb,
And on our way of doubt and fear
We pass the valley's gloom —
O Jesus, calm our mortal fears ;
Let praise our lips employ —
So we, who here have sown in tears,
Shall reap in Heaven with joy.

HYMN,

Written for a Sunday School Celebration in the country.

GATHERED by the hand of kindness,
Where Instruction holdeth rule,
While the weeks fulfilled their courses,
We have met in Sunday School.
When reigned o'er us frowning Winter, —
When the laughing Spring gave flowers, —
We have met in golden Autumn,
We have met in Summer showers.

But, to-day, we come together,
Where on Nature's face we look ;
Every tree to us a letter,
Every field and grove a book.
Here we take from leaves our lessons ;
Task the insect on the wing ;
And with birds and rippling waters,
Join our voices as we sing.

Here, in cheerful recreation,
Which to-morrow wont condemn —
We, to-day, improve the moments,
Knowing Wisdom numbers them.
And, around these woodlands playing,
Frisking, buzzing, like the bee,
Each will think that God is saying,
“ In your sports Remember ME ! ”

Thus, along life's checkered way-side,
 May we always lessons take,
Which the Great Instructor scatters,
 For the youth and children's sake.
And, while yet the heart is lightest,
 May for Him its pulses beat,
So shall He, whose smile is brightest,
 Shine, when darkness wraps our feet.

Gathered by the hand of kindness,
 Where Instruction holdeth rule,
We shall learn not long together,
 We must leave our Sunday School!
Yet, while time and youth are flying,
 May we so improve our powers,
As to say, or living, dying,
 " We are Christ's, and Christ is ours."

Then, should floods of sorrow gather,
 As about our path they must, —
While the clouds of trial thicken,
 And the muttering thunders burst, —
We, of sunshine ever dreaming,
 O'er them all shall see the bow ;
God! where all thy skies are gladness,
 Wilt Thou disappoint us? — No!

HYMN TO THE CROSS.

SHALL I be dumb, whose harp was slave
 When folly asked a song from me?
Shall I be stupid now, who gave
 To every idol willing knee!
No! let the world rebuke my zeal,
 And scoffs upon my purpose fling!
I'll teach the strings the joy I feel,
 Harp, song, and soul shall praise the King.

What though the Cross, to those who die,
 Appeals in vain with tears and blood, --
They hearing not its human cry,
 They seeing not upon it God, --
Yet, veiled within this type of guilt,
 Salvation is beheld by Faith;
She sees the stream for rebels spilt,
 She hears the words that Mercy saith.

But little deemed the sworded bands,
 Who raised thee on Judea's steep,
That to the Cross should Gentile lands,
 Though cold and flinty, look and weep.
But little deemed the mitred priest,
 Or scribe, who urged the furious yell,
That with thy reign their empire ceased,
 That at thy rise tradition fell.

But little deemed the rabble rout,
Self-damned, by imprecation rash —
Who, drunk with madness, gave the shout,
And robe and thorn, and reed and lash —
That ages thence, till Time is done,
Mankind shall reverence yield to Thee ;
And to thy Slain, who, dying, won,
Earth, hell, and heaven shall bow the knee.

Nor *they*, of all, the only true,
Who pressed upon thy Victim's hem, —
Nor yet their Saviour fully knew,
The " Daughters of Jerusalem ;"
Though they, with Woman's earnest truth,
Watched through the earthquake and the gloom,
And hasted in the morning's youth,
With precious spices to His tomb.

A pledge, a treasure, treason's word,
A bauble at the papal shrine, —
A standard, when the world was stirred,
To sweep the fields of Palestine, —
A sweet memorial of the dead,
That die in Him who died on thee,
Thou, Cross ! on which the Paschal bled,
Hast been, and art, and yet shalt be.

And thee, a gem, may pilgrims wear,
Or dark-eyed maidens of the South, —
By thee the bearded Russ may swear,
Or Greek profess with lying mouth ;

Or, of the cowl and cloister, he
Thy seal shall on the forehead make,
And laugh at paid immunity
From sin he never need forsake.

Or thou mayst glare amid the gloom
That wraps the assassin paths of Spain;
Or thee, in pomp, imperial Rome
May lift, the sign of Error's reign;
We claim no less the symbol given,
So simple, true, like our belief —
Despised by Earth, approved by Heaven —
Of peace and pain, of joy and grief.

Though planted on a barren hill,
Thou art a tree whose worth divine
Yields more delight, the sense to fill,
Than stately palm, or clustering vine.
Beneath thy boughs, all stained with gore,
I stand and pluck the fruit above,
Whose sweetness relish leaves for more,
Whose fragrance is Immortal Love.

O, Blood of the Incarnate One !
O Voice ! that warns and woos from sin,
Dost thou for *me* thus freely run ?
Dost thou speak thus, and call *me* in ?
Is grace so near for *me*, so vile ?
Stoops Love to such a slave of lust ?
Shall *I* be sharer in thy smile ?
Are thrones reserved for groveling dust ?

I, loser by the fatal tree,
In Adam, — see it all restored
By Him, the Adam, who, on thee,
My pardon bought, my Saviour, Lord.
In life, I'll glory in the shame
The foolish world in thee discerns ;
In death, I'll seek no other Name
Than His, the unbeliever spurns.

I hear and trust that pardoning Voice,
I see and seek that healing Blood,
And in the dying Man rejoice,
And glory in the living God.
And can I bid my song be mute ?
So apt to speak of worldly dross —
Wake, soul and song and lyre and lute !
To tell the wonders of the Cross.

A SIMILE.

IN the dew-drop you behold
Myriad splendors merged in one ;
Showing, like a sea of gold,
All the glories of the sun.

Man, before the throne above, —
Where no sinful foot hath trod, —
Thus reflects the perfect love
Of the awful, glorious God.

ADIEU TO THE BARK STAMBOUL WITH MISSIONARIES.

CHRISTIAN ship, of Turkish title,
Rich in Heaven's treasure —
March! march! in God's Name,
To wind and water's measure.

Home the gospel laborer take,
Who takes his sickle, bright;
Home! — the Missionary's home
Is where the fields are white.

No farewells! can they part
Who are linked in union?
Toss between us, billows! heart
Is with them in communion.

March! march! upon the waters;
Joyful is our song;
God! who love Thee *must* be joyful —
They who trust Thee, strong.

Dance, ye banners! strain ye sails!
Softly now and fair —
What a breeze hath Heaven's Ship!
What a breath is Prayer!

HYMN,

Sung at the Anniversary of the Howard Benevolent Society, of Boston,
in the Old South Church, November, 1842.

O THOU of Calvary ! Thou didst bear
Our sad infirmity and care ;
Our griefs didst to thy bosom take,
And soothe them for compassion's sake.

Thy blessèd feet the hovel trod,
Where Want was shunned of all but God ;
Thy healing hand did softly press
The forehead troubled by distress.

Thou art Benevolence, Divine !
Impart to us that love of Thine, —
Disinterested, quiet, pure,
With constancy that shall endure.

May we to men by deeds of Love
Exemplify Thee, though above ;
And in Thy life our duty see,
And, as disciples, follow Thee.

Disciples — not in creed alone ;
Of Thee, by works, may each be known ;
Nor vainly dream a faith that's dead
Unites to Christ, the Living Head.

So, in Thy Day, to question made,
“ Have ye Compassion's law obeyed ? ”
In dust, we will no merit take,
While answering, “ *Yes, for Thy dear sake !* ”

HYMN,

Sung at the Anniversary of the American Education Society, in Park Street Church, Boston, May, 1842.

THIS Earth, to the thorn and the brier now given,
Was meant to show flowers and fruitage for Heaven ;
Though failing in these, 't is not hopeless, O, no !
Here grain for the Lord may abundantly grow ;
Truth's metaphor shines when he calls it a field
That can wheat both for time and eternity yield ;
Yet we've wept and we've toiled, and what more can we do ?
The harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few.

"*Too many!*" — Yes, *one* for a destitute world
Were too many for him who has o'er it unfurled
His banner of darkness. "Too many" from woe,
Eternal, its millions to rescue? O no !
Hear Africa, Asia, America, cry ;
Hear Europe ; — we hear, and while hearing, *they die!*
Yet we've wept and we've toiled, and what more can we do ?
The harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few.

Up, Christian, who long in the furrow hast trod ;
Up, convert, with all your fresh vigor for God ;
Up aged, up manhood, up youth at the call,
Though you rally by thousands, there's labor for all ;
That soil you shall vanquish, by faith it is won !
That wheat you shall gather, by prayer it is done !
Pray ye, therefore, the Master more laborers to send,
Heaven's joy to begin, and Earth's sorrow to end.

SUNDAY AT PLYMOUTH, MASS.

'T is good for us to rest to-day,
And keep the precept well ;
'T is good in village church to pray,
At warning of the bell.

'T is good in fair and noble towns,
By brilliant thousands trod,
Or where the forests wear their crowns,
To stay and worship God.

'T is good upon the bounding seas
To pray with soul and lip ;
God spies the sailor on his knees,
Aboard the merchant ship.

And *here*, where our forefathers sleep,
Who crossed of yore the waves,

'T is good the Sabbath-day to keep
Among their ancient graves.

'T is good to dwell where they have dwelt ;
'T is good awhile to stay
And pray at altars where they knelt,
As they were wont to pray.

Though from our rites the thoughtful eye
May wander where are seen
The tokens of the dead, that lie
In ranks of summer green :

Who, while we wait upon the LORD,
That blessings may distil —
For us, their sons, keep watch and ward
On yonder silent hill :

We, as did they, in pilgrimage
Lean on these Sabbath hours ;
Theirs, in each past eventful stage —
O present GOD, be ours !

HYMN,

Sung at the Dedication of the Baptist Meeting House in Pawtucket, R. I.,
December 15, 1842.

WE give Thee not a shrine of gold,
Nor oils and gums of price untold ;
No glory-cloud to-day hath shone,
As filled the house of Solomon.

Yet here our hearts have inly burned ;
Yet here the wanderer hath returned ;
How deep the love ! how sweet the fear !
“ One greater than the temple ’s here.”

This house — in which to teach Thy way,
That God must rule and man obey —
Where doctrines shall distil, where all
On Thee, in truth, may freely call, —

Where converts, as the drops of dew,
Shall gather ; saints their vows renew —
We dedicate to Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

HYMN FOR HARD TIMES.

THY blessing, gracious Providence,
If thou to man reveal, —
The manufacturer plies his art,
And commerce speeds the wheel.
On skill to plan, and toil to frame,
If thou thy smile bestow,
The vein is reached, and streams of gold
Run in perpetual flow.

But when Thy frown appears, the tide
Rolls back with angry power ;
And then, oh ! God, what dreams of pride,
Years-built — die in an hour !
How strangely vanish yellow heaps,
That painful toil has raised !
How frightful is the labyrinth, then,
Where wisdom's self is mazed !

If in the mighty gulf is whelmed
One who has bowed to pelf,
Or one whose narrow purposes
Have centered in himself,
By this sharp trial show to him —
Perhaps a lesson new —
That he alone lives up to Man,
Who lives for others too.

And if Thy finger him has touched,
And fairest prospects riven —
Who, as Thine almoner, dispensed
Thy gifts, as dews of heaven, —

His noble heart, that was not wed
To these, do Thou refine ;
And by this kind rebuking make
Yet more Thy servant thine.

Oh ! it is merciful that thus
Thy chastening hand is felt,
When we, departing from Thy shrine,
Have to our idols knelt.
Then let this call, so loud, so stern,
Which our whole nation hears —
Now sweetly win us to return,
In penitence and tears !

THE LEGACY.

The following is the closing paragraph of Patrick Henry's will : " I have now disposed of all my property to my family ; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian Religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich ; and if they had not this, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

HE willed them lands, and tenements, and gold, —
All that he had by care and caution won, —
To those, his kinsmen, to enjoy and hold,
Till their predestined course, like his, was run ;
And each to others should the same devise,
Leaving, for self, memorial — " Here he lies."

All that he had — save one unpurchased gem,
Which, never loaned nor bought, could not be sold

Nor willed away. Yet, though the diadem
Of God were blank without it, 't is not bold
To say that waters, which the free winds kiss,
Are not more plentiful and free than this.

All that he had — save *that*, the lord of which,
Ragged and starved — by kings may envied be ;
While he without it, though as Cræsus rich,
Is but the veriest heir of poverty ;
And sad inheritor, than penury, worse,
Of the undying worm — eternity's true curse.

All that he had — My God ! what were it all,
What the broad universe thou fashionedst well,
To that, which, hell possessing, *hell* we 'd call
Heaven ; without which, heaven would be a hell ?
Nothing ! and infinitely less than nought, —
Without the treasure worlds have never bought.

He could devise lands, tenements and gold, —
All that he had by toil and talents won, —
To those, his kinsmen, to enjoy and hold,
Till their last sand of life was also run ; —
He could enrich them with earth's shining dust,
And glut, to loathing, avaricious lust ;

He could not give them the immortal gem,
For which a man were wise to sell his soul ;
Which burns and flashes in God's diadem.
This was beyond the orator's control ; —
Beyond, of wit and eloquence, the power,
To loan, or to retain a single hour.

Yet they may have it ; — *thou* mayst have it ! — I
 May gather this into my hidden place ;
Not to gloat o'er it, with delighted eye,
 And see it lessen ; — but, with added grace,
To mark its glories, sparkling, blazing far,
Ineffably serene, a bright and blessed Star.

AN OLIVE LEAF FROM GETHSEMANE.

AND this was plucked by Friendship's hand,
 And this was kindly borne to me
 From the heart's treasure-land,
 Gethsemanè !

The conscious soil, that gave to birth
 Its venerable parent tree,
 Was thy blood-moistened earth,
 Gethsemanè !

On whose cold bosom, that sad night,
 The Guiltless sank for guilty me ;
 When angel-wings made bright
 Gethsemanè !

When darkness o'er a God in tears
 Drew solemn veil, that none might see
 How wrath divine woke fears,
 Gethsemanè !

When — that might pass the dreadful cup,
 The Sufferer prayed in agony ;
 Yet, bade to drink it up,
 Gethsemanè —

His prayer had answer in new power,
Strengthened, he should the victor be,
Though hell was strong that hour,
Gethsemanè !

O Garden of Hesperides !
I seek thy wondrous laden tree,
Whose apple heals disease, —
Gethsemanè !

Eden ! where, if I take and eat,
'T is Life, immortal Life to me ;
My soul's uncloying meat,
Gethsemanè !

The thoughts are sweet and full of heaven,
That rise, and throng, and cling to thee ;
Wings ! wings ! — if wings were given,
Gethsemanè —

Not thee I'd seek ; thou art too *far* ;
The Crucified is *nigh* to me ;
Life's Joy — day's Sun — night's Star
Gethsemanè !

All day, His presence here to keep,
I need not such memorial see ;
All night, Love doth not sleep,
Gethsemanè !

Yet will the frequent thought return,
All redolent of bliss and thee —
Quickening cold Love, till Love shall burn,
Gethsemanè !

No pledge shall wake my joy ; my grief
Shall few memorials stir, like thee,
Thou sacred Olive Leaf! —
Gethsemanè!

Eyes! with delicious tears be dim ;
Soul, leap! for Love hath set thee free ;
Voice! join with Calvary's hymn
“ Gethsemanè!”

Anticipate the theme, the same
That sung by rescued worlds will be,
When worlds expire in flame,
“ Gethsemanè!”

Thou brooding Dove, thou Spirit, come!
And take the wanderer home to thee ;
Earth, Earth is *not* my home,
Gethsemanè!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S HARVEST.

TEACHER! at the feet of Love
Taking thus thy weekly place,
Giving lessons from above,
With a winning voice and face ;
In thy patient, pious toil,
In thy humble, holy task,
Who may covet richer spoil?
Who may higher honors ask?

Teacher! leading little ones,
As thou dost, to Mercy's fold,
Anxious that each wisely shuns
Cunning wolf, and robber bold;
Anxious that the Shepherd's care,
Staff and rod, the flock shall keep;
Canst thou cease prevailing prayer?
Canst thou fold thine arms in sleep?

No! I see thee search the Book,
On whose page is living light;
And I see thee upward look
For the grace to search aright;
And I see thee take thy seat,
With a heart where love hath rule,
And, what God hath told, repeat
To thy class, in Sunday-School.

Yes; and while to others thou
Dost life's lessons thus impart,
Hoping *future* harvest, NOW
Is the harvest in thine heart!
Say not, months and years to come,
God will give the golden grain;
Shout a *present* harvest home!
Fruit for labor, joy for pain.

Teacher! he who scatters seed
O'er the fallow ground of youth,
Gathers for his own best need, —
Binds for self, the sheaves of Truth!

“ He who watereth,” God hath said,
“ Shall be watered ;” who, in praise,
Scatters to the hungry, bread,
Finds, nor waiteth “ many days.”

THE GRAVE OF PAYSON.

In the burial ground at Portland are three monuments erected to commemorate the achievements of naval heroes who fell in the battles of their country. There is also a plain, neat obelisk, with the name, and dates of the birth, ministry and death of the late lamented PAYSON, to which is added the touching line, “ *His record is on high.*”

I STOOD, in silence and alone,
Just at the Sabbath shut of day,
Where, quietly, the modest stone
Told me that PAYSON’S relics lay.
No gorgeous tale nor herald’s arms
Astonished with their splendid lie,
Or hireling praise ; — in truth’s meek charms
It said, “ His record is on high.”

I gazed around the burial spot
That looks on Portland’s spires below,
And on her thousands who are not,
Did sad yet useful thought bestow : —
Here sleep they till the trumpet’s tongue
Shall peal along a blazing sky ;
Yet who of these — the old and young —
May read his record *then* on high !

And near, I saw the early grave
Of him who fought at Tripoli ;
Who would not live the Moslem's slave,
Who nobly perished to be free !
And, wrapt in freedom's starry flag,
The chief who dared to do or die ;
And England's son, who could not lag —
Whose deeds his country wrote on high.

What glory lit their spirit's track,
When from the gory deck they flew !
Could wishes woo the heroes back ?
Say, did not fame their path pursue ?
Oh, gently sleep the youthful brave
Who fall where martial clarions cry —
The men, entombed in earth or wave,
Whose blood-writ record is on high !

I turned again to Payson's clay,
And recollected, well, how bright
The radiance, far outshining day,
That robed his soaring soul in light.
What music stole awhile from heaven,
To charm away his parting sigh !
What wings to waft him home were given,
Whose holy record was on high !

And give me — trembling, said I then —
Some place, my Saviour, where *such* dwell,
And far above the pride of men
And pomp of which the worldlings tell

Will be my lot; — come, haughty kings!
And ye who pass in glitter by,
And feel that ye are abject things,
Whose record is not found on high.

DEPARTING.

“Then the priest shall let them depart with this blessing: — ‘The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always.’” — *The Rubric.*

’T is pleasant, in the courts of God,
When vows and hymn and ritual cease,
To note their awful threshold trod
By feet that go at words of peace.
“*Depart with blessing!*” — How sincere
And touching is the holy tone,
That dies in music on the ear
Of earth, and lives to heaven alone!

And when my fading thoughts refuse
All utterance to the quivering lip, —
And my glad soul in upper dews
Its mounting wing prepares to dip, —
Give me to hear that word below, —
The last ere nature’s flutterings cease —
From tears and toil and empty show
To truth and smiles — *Depart in peace!*

THE REMEMBERED BOOK.*

HE who bestows a useful book
On some ingenuous boy,
May lodge a thought in memory's nook,
Which ages can't destroy.
A seed may scatter on that field,
Whose tribute shall a thousand yield
A harvest-home of joy.
A casual gift of earnest love,
For Jesus done, to men unknown —
That shall be set with gems above,
Around the eternal throne.

Thee, little book ! a noble heart
Made mine, in early days,
With hope, thy lessons might impart
Some thirst for Wisdom's ways.
In sunshine I thy page devoured,
I read thee when misfortune lowered,
And read thee but to praise.
My fancy, by thy beauties caught,
Admired the portraiture divine ;
The head retained the knowledge taught,
The heart proclaimed, "'t is mine."

Years pass — I meet thee yet again,
One half my journey done —
Behind are toils, before is pain,
The garland is not won.

* "Zion's Pilgrim," by Robert Hawker; a book given me in my boyhood, by an excellent friend.

Experience shows how rich the truth
Whose simple graces charmed my youth,
And, ere my race is run,
May I be wise a soul to win —
As did my friend, by gifts and prayer,
A helpless mortal snatch from sin,
A spirit from despair.

THE MISSIONARY JUDSON.

BURMAH'S Apostle ! I can style no less
Him who for Burmah freely yielded all —
Soul to sharp pangs, limbs to the fetter's thrall, —
Wrung for the Master with so strange distress.
Whether of joy or grief, 't were hard to guess
Those Voices of the Past that on thee call !
For in their sweet, yet melancholy fall
Come memories of the gone, that sorely press
On thy twice smitten heart ; and still inwrought
With these, sublimely soars the ecstatic thought
That Pagans in far Ava and Rangoon,
Where in wild beauty Irrawaddy flows —
By thee are dowered with the Gospel boon.
Such grief, *such* joy, the Missionary knows !

1846.

GETHSEMANE.

'T is Midnight, — and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;
'T is Midnight — in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'T is Midnight — and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles, lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'T is Midnight — and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet He, that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

'T is Midnight — from the heavenly plains,
Are borne the songs that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE TOMATO.

TOMATO! thou art like the mind
That moves not feebly with mankind;
Who love thee, give a generous part,
Who hate thee, hate with all the heart.

My morsel good, my table neat,
I am not anxious what I eat;
If she, whose smile is always glad,
Lights up the meal, 't is never bad.

I have my favorite, as have most,
Among the baked, and boiled, and roast;
Yet, for my tit-bit, would not go
To farther clime than Mexico.

To Mexico! — I give him praise
Who, hither, from those unknown ways,
And barbarous men, of Spanish breed,
Conveyed the small Tomato seed.

Sure, with his lion-heart and skill,
He might have sacked her mines at will —
But Mexico's chief wealth to take! —
I'll love Tomato for his sake.

And for *thine own*, celestial Fruit !
(Not vegetable,) made to suit
All circumstances ; or to pluck
And eat, as I in Old Kentuck

Have done ; or with white sugar sliced,
Or soused in vinegar, well spiced,
Or smothered in the pie, or stewed, —
Which I like best, — thou art of food

The simplest, sweetest, richest, best.
O, had my humble verses zest
Half as delicious as *thine own*,
From Byron, Burns, I 'd take the throne,

Superior in artistic pride
As thou to edibles beside !
I see from earth thy tendril peep,
And on its bosom try to creep,

Till, propped secure, it stands upright,
And brings its tiny germs to light.
I see thee on the laden bush,
(Not to excess my verse to push,)

In thy first coat of emerald green,
That soon a brilliant scarlet 's seen ;
I see thee gathered, scalded, skinned —
Some care in stripping off thy rind —

Then duly cut, by practice, nice,
In pieces small, and in a trice,
With rites of salt and butter paid —
In sauce-pan buried, and o'erlaid

With cover, that the steaming tin
The needful heat may keep within ; —
Soon done — ye fair ! the bowl produce,
And fill it with the pulp and juice ; —

And now — with bread (or toast) and tea,
Nought else — a feast for princes see !
For princes ? mouth of King Phillippe,
Or dame Victoria's pretty lip,

Hath bliss beyond a monarch's lacked,
If neither hath Tomato smacked.
Not fruit the lovely Houri sees,
Not apple of Hesperides,

Not cantelope, or luscious grape,
Not pear of bell, or other shape,
Not melon, of red juicy core,
Not cocoa-nut, of milky store,

Not Persia's peach, whose blush outvies
The tints of her delightful skies,
Not purple plum, nor damson pale, —
Though choicest of Nonantum vale, —

Not dishes of a thousand lands,
To fatten cooks and kill gourmands,
Westphalian ham, Bohemian boar,
Or haggis, which the Scotch adore ;

“ Ros bif ” of England, Frenchman's frog,
Or Sandwich Island hog or dog,
Nor all that gastronomic scroll,
Though Epicurus called the roll,

Or horticultural art can show
 May, with the pride of Mexico —
 “Quick! quick! sure, husband, love, you’re heady,
 D’ye hear? leave off! *Tomato’s ready!*”

THE PIOUS RUM-SELLER’S SOLILOQUY.

’T is so — He that made the good creature for use,
 Judges not on account of its ill or abuse.
 For this, and all gifts, I am thankful, ’t is seen,
 From its evils — if any — I wash my hands clean.
 Many years, thank the Lord! I’ve been prospered, ’t is true,
 His blessing has fallen, refreshing as dew,
 On my basket and store, and an unction doth dwell
 With every good glass that I swallow or sell.
 O, how my full heart with due gratitude thrills,
 As I think of the quantities — made up of gills —
 The thousands of gallons of Brandy and Rum
 I’ve sold, and the dollars that make up the sum!
 I began with slight means, and the Hearer of Prayer,
 Though I dealt by the small, shed his benison there.
 I had crowds in the morning, who called for their dram —
 Distinguishing favor! unworthy I am!
 Every bloated old drunkard who wanted a drop,
 All praise to my Maker! would come to my shop;
 As I gave him the poison and took his last cent,
 How pure my thanksgivings to heaven that went!
 Though his wife was in trouble for her I’d no fears,
 I trusted that Mercy would dry up her tears;

And, sometimes, when counting my gains up at night,
 I have knelt to ask God for his blessings to light
 On her poor starving children ; and while at the throne
 For relief to *her* bosom, found joy in my own.

But, O, times are altered, — I know to his saints
 God graciously hearkens, nor chides their complaints ;
 I would lean on Him, therefore, in confident trust,
 That He yet will uphold and will strengthen the just.
 'T is true, to make money, my cares and my pains
 Are not very trifling, nor small are my gains ;
 Yet neighbors reprove me — to them I am dumb,
 Forgive as I ought, and invite all to come ;
 And live in meek hope that these matters may mend : —
 Here and there in our churches, good Rum has a friend ;
 Some, too, that on Sundays will serve (and look civil)
 God's cup, and six days give the cup of the devil.
 Yet I mourn in my soul that I've fallen on times,
 When buying and selling are counted as crimes ;
 When of good reputation no man is secure,
 (Though there's some solace left, if of cash he is sure !)
 Alas, for the profits of honest lang syne —
 The days when rum-sellers sat under their vine
 Distilling and selling, while none made afraid,
 Except scoundrels that died ere their dues they had paid.
 When holy men openly bought by the keg,
 Nor a tongue for the traffic against them could wag ;
 When times of refreshing the Sabbath would bring,
 In the shape of hot toddy, or tumbler of sling ;
 And when our good parson, not fearing ill tongues,
 Took a glass after sermon to strengthen his lungs.

They tell me of Dobbins, now dead in his grave,
 Who perished in shame, to my liquor a slave.

True, he mortgaged to me, in his trouble, his farm ;
 'T was spent at my counter — yet where was the harm ?
 A mite of the profits I gave to the poor,
 For hoarding each penny I cannot endure.

Then there was young Richard, the carpenter's son,
 Stout, happy and good, till his custom I won.
 Sure enough he *would* drink, and if he would buy,
 Some one must sell to him ; if so, why not I ?
 If I had not sold it, my neighbor Smith would ;
His use of the money might not have been good.
 Yet sometimes it grieves me, I freely confess,
 To think of his family steeped in distress ;
 I've almost regretted I fingered his cash,
 Drink made him, poor fellow ! so crazy and rash ;
 For, drunk with my brandy, one night he went wild,
 And bathed his own hands in the blood of his child.

Is the Lord indeed angry ? — will He his wrath urge ?
 He sendeth against us the Temperance scourge !
 And lo, how its doings are troubling the saints !
 The soul of the dealer is heavy, and faints.
 If Abstinence thrives — hateful parent of ill —
 How soon may be strangled the Worm of the Still !
 Come Famine ! come Fever ! with pestilent breath ;
 Come War ! and lead men, by whole kingdoms, to death ;
 But spare us, of judgments, the last and the worst —
 Let not our dear land be with Temperance cursed.
 Confound, Lord, its schemes — for thy servant would dwell
 In Tophet, as soon as a Temperance Hotel.
 Its agents, its tracts, and its tee-total ships —
 Could a word blast them all, it would rush to my lips.
 Its warnings to me of eternity ring,
 My conscience is wakened and writhes with the sting.

Destroy, Lord ! its refuge — its entering wedge
To mischief, that 's known as the Cold Water Pledge.
O, frown on their plans who forsake the old ways,
And I 'll drink to their ruin, and give Thee the praise !

THE CHILD OF THE TOMB.

A Story of Newburyport.

WHERE WHITEFIELD sleeps, remembered, in the dust,
The lowly vault held once a double trust ;
And PARSONS, reverend name, that quiet tomb
Possessed — to wait the day of weal and doom.
Another servant of the living God,
PRINCE, who (bereft of sight) his way had trod,
Unerringly and safe, life's journey through —
Now sought admittance as a slumberer too.
As earth receded, and the Eden blest
Rose on his vision — " Let my body rest
With Whitefield's," — said he, yielding up his breath ;
Joined in their lives, and parted not in death.
Obedient to his wish, in order then
Were all things done ; the tomb was oped to ken
Of curious eyes — made ready to enclose
Another tenant in its kind repose ;
And, lighted with a single lamp, whose ray
Fell dimly down upon the mouldering clay,
Was left, once more, to silence as of night,
Till hour appointed for the funeral rite.

It chanced, the plodding teacher of a school —
 A man of whims, bold, reckless, yet no fool —
 Deemed this an opportunity to test
 How far the fears of spirits might infest
 The bosom of a child. A likely boy,
 The choicest of his flock, a mother's joy,
 He took, unscrupulous of means, if he
 His ends might gain, and solve the mystery.

Both stood within the mansion of the dead,
 And while the stripling mused, the teacher fled,
 Leaving the child, where the dull cresset shone,
 With the dumb relics and his God alone.
 As the trap-door fell suddenly, the stroke,
 Sullen and harsh, his solemn reverie broke.
 Where is he? — Barred within the dreadful womb
 Of the cold earth — the living in the tomb!
 The opened coffins showed Death's doings, sad —
 The awful dust in damps and grave-mould clad.
 Though near the haunts of busy, cheerful day,
 He, to drear night and solitude the prey!
 Must he be watcher with these corpses! — Who
 Can tell what sights may rise? Will reason then be true?
 Must he — a blooming, laughter-loving child —
 Be mated thus? — The thought was cruel, wild!
 His knees together smote, as first, in fear,
 He gazed around his prison; — then a tear
 Sprang to his eyes in kind relief; and said
 The little boy, "*I will not be afraid.*
Was ever spirit of the good man known
To injure children whom it found alone?"

And straight he tasked his memory, to supply
Stories and texts, to show he *might* rely
Most safely, humbly, on his Father's care —
Who hears a child's as well as prelate's prayer.
And thus he stood — on Whitefield's form his glance
In reverence fixed — and hoped deliverance.

Meanwhile, the recreant teacher, — where was he?
Gone, unabashed, to take a cup of tea
With the lad's mother! — Supper done, he told
The deed that should display her son as bold.
With eye indignant and with words of flame,
How showers that mother, scorn, rebuke and shame!
She bids him haste! and hastes herself, to bring
Him from Death's realm who knew not yet its sting;
And yet believed — so well her child she knew —
The noble boy would to himself be true;
He would himself sustain, and she should find
Him patient and possessed; and thus she stayed her mind.

The boy yet lives — and from that distant hour
Dates much of truth that on his heart hath power; —
And chiefly this, — whate'er of jest is wed
To speech of his, — *to reverence the dead.*

THE SOLEMN PETITION OF JOHN SMITH;*

TO THE GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS, HUMBLY SHOWETH:

THAT the marrow and the pith
Of his grievance is, John Smith,
Being a cognomen in use,
Is exposed to great abuse.
Such a number in our town —
Farmer, trader, cobbler, clown —
Wear it, makes it inconvenient;
Briefly, therefore, his intent,
From your Body, is redress
To implore for this distress.
Your petitioner, so please ye, —
Not designing long to tease ye,
Knowing legislator's time is
Very precious; though his rhyme is
Rather "lengthy," — is in trouble,
Being somewhat more than double;
Filling, — true, as he respects ye, —
Fifty pages of Direct'ry.

* [From the Boston Post, January 17, 1842.]

"In the House of Representatives, on Saturday, the following petition was presented and referred. —

'To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, assembled,

'Whereas, my son is called John Smith, Jr., and there are a number of persons in town who bear the same name, which makes it quite inconvenient. Therefore, I would pray that your Honorable Body would suffer him to take the name of John Wesley Smith, instead of John Smith, Jr.; and as in duty bound will ever pray,

JOHN SMITH.' "

More than all — and here's the evil —
 Hath a strapping son, as civil
 Likely well-to-do a lad,
 As should make a father glad.
 By ill luck, *he's* John Smith, too ;
 "Junior" tacked on, it is true.
 Yet that does not greatly help it,
 Every puppy tries to yelp it.
 John Smith Juniors hourly greet
 John Smith Juniors in the street.
 Your petitioner's heart is breaking —
 He's a father ! — and a taking
 Awful bad the Ma'am is in ;
 Not to help *her* would be sin.
 Please your Body, deuce is in't,
 That his name in daily print
 Showeth to disparagement ;
 All conceivable ill brewing,
 Every sort of mischief doing.
 John Smith now in county prison,
 Now a Jack upon the mizen,
 Bachelor to-day, — to-morrow
 With nine children, to his sorrow.
 All professions, every trade
 Claiming still his ready aid.
 At a stall, quack nostrums vending,
 Flaws in musty parchments mending,
 Holding forth with pulpit thump,
 Caucusing on western stump,
 Drawing phrenologic chart,
 Meekly driving drayman's cart,
 Writing novels, like Sir Walter,
 Candidate for gallows-halter,

Jockey, betting on his nag,
 Deacon, handing round the bag,
 Quoted for connubial bliss,
 Snatching the forbidden kiss,
 Pattern to all married life,
 Choking nigh to death his wife,
 Never known to mingle drink,
 Picked up drunk from kennel-sink,
 Peace between his neighbors making,
 Caged for brawls and window-breaking,
 Charitable, very, — cursed
 Of all misers as the worst,
 Of the women dreadful 'fraid is,
 Rude and saucy to the ladies,
 Published, shortly to be wed,
 Solemnly announced as dead,
 All too young his teens to fill,
 Sole survivor Bunker Hill.
 Time would fail to tell your worships,
 Barns do n't burn in quiet, nor ships
 Well insured go down at sea,
 Theft or suicide, but he
 Has a finger in the pie ; —
 Every Charley tips the sly
 Wink, as if forsooth to say
 “ We have met before to-day ; ”
 Every loafer claims acquaintance,
 Every pauper asks a maint'nance.
 Your petitioner, to his shame, must
 Still be greeted by this name, cursed ;
 But, kind legislators ! spare
 John Smith Senior's son and heir.

Let it please the General Court,
That his boy may 'scape such sport,
By the adding of a letter, —
Or a middle would be better,
If a name of goodly sound,
Filling up, complete and round.
Any one that 's serious, proper,
That to witlings may be stopper.
And, as your petitioner "Wesley"
Has been reading lately, bless ye —
Why not call him Wesley? John
Wesley Smith? — and father, son,
And all the little Smiths will pray
Ye may flourish many a day,
In virtues, honors, pleasures, health —
God save the Commonwealth!

JOHN SMITH.

THAT SAD SECOND CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, its little grief
May on a mother's breast
Repose, and find relief —
Where childish cares have rest.

But what for Age remains?
Age — with neglect and gloom!
Where may it hide its pains,
But in the friendly tomb!

THEY SAY THE GOBLET'S CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

THEY say the goblet's crowned with flowers,
And round its brim do brightly shine,
Like gems, remembered joys and hours,
The treasures of immortal wine ; —
We know the cup is wreathed with plants
More deadly than the Upas tree ;
Its richest recollection haunts
The soul with all that's misery.

They say the wine has potent spell
To wean the thought from ills away,
And raise the drooping one to dwell
Where dreamy night is changed to day ; —
We deem the wretch may never know
The meaning of unmixed despair,
Till, tempted by his direst foe,
He seeks the cup, and finds it there.

Some vow, in unextinguished hate,
With Alcohol no terms to hold ; —
“ From *all* that can intoxicate ! ”
We write upon our banner's fold ; —
For we, the sons, have marshaled strong
On fields that wear our fathers' name ;
Their glorious dust gives back the song
Once more, of freedom and of fame.

Nor marches in our ranks the slave,
That dares his heritage to stain ;
Not one to clank above the grave
Of tyranny, a sensual chain.

Oh, no! — did round it pleasant flowers
Of wooing tints and fragrance twine,
We are the free, and 't is not ours
In bonds to tarry at the wine.

SONG OF THE DELIVERED.

HURRAH! hurrah! we've burst the chain —
O God! how long it bound us!
We run! we leap! O God, again
Thy light thy air surround us.
From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out,
We hail Hope's rising star;
Ho, comrades! give the hearty shout,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The world has kissed the tyrant's throne, —
The Beast! the Man of Sin!
"Legion!" "Apollyon!" * better known
As Brandy, Beer, or Gin!
Roused up at Reason's clarion cry,
We go to holy war,
To slay the dragon, or to die!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

* The title, Apollyon, Abaddon, *the destroyer*, the name ascribed to the angel of the abyss, king and head of the apocalyptic locusts, may well be applied to PRINCE ALCOHOL, emphatically "THE DESTROYER."

Hurrah! hurrah! there's joy within,
Where all before was woe;
And sunk is Passion's dreadful din,
And crushed for aye's the foe.
Yet one charge more in glorious strife,
Stout hearts! to end the war;
'T is done — and saved are babes and wife;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Debased by drink, we'd lost the sign
Of manhood, God impressed —
The open face, the look divine —
To show what He had blest.
Behold! erect! with honest brow,
Restored to Nature's law —
We're MEN! we're MEN! heaven knows us *now*;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Of ten, all cleansed, did one return
To bless the healing hour?
ALL of our rescued thousands burn
To praise redeeming power.
Come! bless God now! and what for us
He's done — so reads the law —
WE'LL DO FOR OTHERS, and the curse
Root out — hurrah! hurrah!

Tom Moore may drug the golden cup
With costly pearls, that shine
Bright as his face, and drink them up
Dissolved in rosy wine;

In undiluted streams we dip
Our crystal glasses — nor
Refuse the pledge will WOMAN'S lip —
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! we've burst the chain;
O God! how long it bound us!
We run! we leap! O God, again
Thy light, thy air surround us.
From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out,
We hail hope's rising star;
Ho, comrades! give the hearty shout,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

WE'VE HEARD THAT ROUND THE WINE-CUP'S BRIM.

WE'VE heard that round the wine-cup's brim
A thousand pleasures stray,
And that strong drink has wondrous power
To drive dull care away; —
But we have seen the flashing light
Which from the goblet came,
Lead, like the meteor, on to tears,
And wretchedness, and shame.

We've heard that though 't is well enough
For men the pledge to sign,
Yet youth need never be in haste
Their freedom to resign; —

But we are sure ill habits formed
In youth, destroy the man ;
And we 'll secure us from the snare
Thus woven, if we can.

Ay, let him boast of freedom, who
To appetite's a slave,
And in that war for poverty
And ruin, is so brave !
'T will serve his comrades, who, like him,
Are fettered by the curse ;
But coaxing, fooling, will not do
For Temperance Boys like us !

The children in Chaldea's court,
Who would not drink the wine,
Not only fair in flesh were seen,
But wisdom had, divine.
Like them, we choose the generous draught,
God's cool sweet springs supply ;
And at the last, those streams, of which
Who drink, shall never die.

OF OLD, ANACREON WOKE THE SONG.

OF old, Anacreon woke the song
In praise of wine ; the joyous throng
He led, and with seducing strain
Allured, they drank and drank again.

His lyre to witching measure strung,
The poet thus of pleasure sung:
"Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep."

In latter days, the Teian's theme
Was still the same — the drunkard's dream,
The drunkard's waking thought's employ,
Was still to catch the flying joy ;
In social mirth, in secret hour,
He owned the tempter's subtle power,
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Would fain have cradled Care to sleep.

Yet praise we give! — it could not last ;
The red wine's tyranny is past ;
No more the soul of sensual song
"Expires the silver harp along ;"
Exalted man shakes off, at length,
The sordid sin, and rallies strength ;
For in the goblet, rich and deep,
He sees is Virtue lulled to sleep.

With more than Bacchanalian zest
Our lip the healthful cup hath pressed ;
The chrysolite itself is dim
To waters sparkling on its brim ;
No ruined joys are here, no child
Of beggary, no mother wild.
Such woes *this* goblet, rich and deep,
Has cradled to eternal sleep.

THE QUAKERESS.

“Every Quakeress is a lily.”

CITY of Penn! thy streets
Right-angled, marble banks, mint, heaving domes,
And water-works, and Schuylkill, yielding sweets,
And pleasant homes,

And sober denizens,
I love. — Thy merchants, lawyers, reckoned wise —
And, more than all, thy beauteous citizens
Who own bright eyes,

I love ; — confessedly
As fair as any famous Broadway boasts,
Or belles of Washington, though fair they be,
Or Boston toasts.

As stately Junos, seem
Thy queenly women, who, on Chestnut street,
Display, like fitting visions of a dream,
Their pretty feet.

How charming the array
They make, when the tired wing of evening droops !
How dazzling ! when, in face of envious day,
They pass in troops.

Loveliest of short or tall,
And most bewitching in her modest dress,
Is she, who wins all hearts, above them all —
The Quakeress.

When almost blinded
By gorgeous beauty, on the promenade,
How soothing 't is to meet — hast thou not minded? —
A Quaker maid,

In her becoming dress,
With bonnet, or of drab, or purest white ;
Fragrant as lily of the wilderness,
As sweet to sight.

A company of such
I've seen in spring-time, where thy Arch street runs,
Gathering to meeting. They resembled much
The Shining Ones

Glittering along the way
In crowds : — This simile is borrowed, I
Would rather liken them to flowers in May,
Early and shy.

The Quakeress is fair,
And all adorned in her simplicity ;
Candid as Heaven made her, every where
Lovely to me.

And yet her proper throne
Is home ; — there shines the Quakeress.
Good sense, good humor, kindness, all her own,
Are there to bless.

Oh, were her guileless speech,
And open artlessness, but copied, then
Would other towns, like thee, bland lessons teach,
City of PENN !

RAIN! RAIN!

RAIN! Rain! from out thy clouds,
O God of Nature pour;
Refresh the panting earth
With thy abundant store;
For thy death-angel spreads his wings
Of withering, o'er our lakes and springs.

Rain! Rain! the cracking ground
Sends columns forth of heat;
'T is yellow brass above,
'T is dust beneath our feet.
The tasselled corn hangs down its head,
The bearded rye and wheat are dead.

Rain! Rain! or life will fail;
Fast fails its only staff;
Turn not our wells to rocks,
Turn not our bread to chaff.
Let not our poor, unnoticed, cry;
Let not our children, famished, die.

Pray on! — the pregnant cloud
Lies ready in God's fist,
And prayer can force it out,
And empty 't as ye list.
Ye've prayed? — to prayer! to prayer! again;
So may He give the gracious Rain.

THE PLAGUE.

“THE Plague! the Plague! bring out your dead!”
Through all our land the cry
Rang shrilly forth. “We bring our dead!”
Was murmured in reply.

“The Plague!” more fierce than that which sweeps
The Orient with power,
Where Death, the busy toiler, reaps
A province in an hour.

And still no art could stay the sore ;
By night and day it ran ;
Till written on our nation’s door
Was “Lazarett of Man.”

To touch and taste, to taste and die,
And fill the drunkard’s grave,
Her thousands dared, till from the sky
Came Abstinence to save.

Now we are healed! yet at the pool
Lie many in their sin,
The moderate mad, the ruined fool, —
No angel puts them in.

Ay, angel Temperance never tires,
But healing wing doth plume,
Where soaring faith itself expires,
And hope is in the tomb.

Shout, Drunkard! shout! your chain of steel
Is sundered, link by link;
Shout, Maker! Vender! *you* can feel;
Shout, Children! you may think.

And Woman, in whose halcyon breast
The star of hope doth shine,
Would shout — but tears reveal the rest —
Lord God! the work is thine.

THE OLD TOMB.

ONE day in merry June, I, then a lad,
Strolled forth with a companion — one who had
Strange curiosity, that often led
His footsteps to the mansions of the dead;
And he the way directed thither. Soon
We stumbled on the grave-stones, that in noon
Glared scorchingly. Anon, along the grass
In thoughtlessness we passed and did repass, —
Reading quaint rhymes; and frequently we knelt,
Closely to search how epitaphs were spelt,
Trying in cherub's stony face to scan
Some likeness, or of angel or of man.
Till, presently, we chanced upon a tomb,
Whose rusty bolt had been forced backward, — room
Wanted for some new tenant. — Cheerful day
Looked on its sullen chamber; sunbeams lay,

Unwonted, on the floor, and glanced along
 On coffins, ranged in undistinguished throng.
 I was a dreamer, then, about all things
 Connected with the dead ; the secret springs
 That move imagination, I nor knew
 Nor cared about ; but as religion, true,
 Held all the stories which do appertain
 To spirit-worlds, nor had such learned in vain ;
 And therefore, tremblingly, I stole a glance
 At the dread cavern's secrets. Not so he,
 My comrade, who with jesting, carelessly
 Groped down the steps, and rudely raised a lid,
 That from the eye Decay's sad doings hid.

I never may forget what then I saw !
 Years have passed since, but, true to memory's law,
 That spectacle is fresh to memory now,
 As when I bent o'er that sepulchre's brow.
 I see her still ! how painfully ! — a woman, young
 She seemed, who lay there. As if she had flung
 But lately, her tired limbs upon that bed —
 Pressing its pillow, easily, her head
 Did seem reclining. Yet methought sweet sleep
 It was not — but a stern repose, more deep,
 That knew not, though the hungry reptile left
 His slime upon her cheeks. Ay, when he reft
 His horrid meal from lips that chid him not !
 Suffice it that I, shuddering, left the spot,
 With thoughts which time has but confirmed, that we
 Should render all due rites that Decency,
 Love and Religion ask, to those who die ;
 But never, the Tomb's mysteries to descry,
 Should we with curiosity explore

The place of the departed. Buried, then,
Oh, let their dust be sacred from the ken
Of human eye! Not tomb of Père-la-Chaise,
Mount Auburn, Laurel Hill, with sculpture gay,
Or gayer flowers, to me hath any charm; —
'T is but a *tomb*. Give me, for slumber, calm,
The quiet GRAVE, where dust, once hid, may lie
Secure from vulgar handling; where the eye
Of love is satisfied, if on the sod
It rests, of him whose spirit is with God.

“AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?”

By awful influence, only lent
To raise and bless thy fellow creature,
The power for good or ill intent
That shapes the soul's eternal feature, —
Yes!

By day's out-clamors of distress,
Sorrows that nightly walk the city,
Mutations, strange, heart-wrecks that press
Their silent siege upon thy pity, —
Yes!

By Childhood's garden run to weeds,
Blank Mind that never knowledge tasted,
Soil where the foe hath scattered seeds,
Strong Intellect deceived and wasted, —
Yes!

By Vice that boldly storms thy door,
By secret Guilt, escaping sentence,
By that lost youth who 'd sin no more
Did word of thine but hint "repentance," —
Yes!

By Innocence betrayed, by damned
Illusions at the drunkard's revels, —
All devils round him, known or shammed,
Himself, poor wretch! the prince of devils, —
Yes!

By our three millions, lifting chains
In sight of Lust and Knavery,
That soul and body coin for gains
In the hell-mint of Slavery, —
Yes!

By Orient Mind that never thinks,
Starting, at length, from bands of Error,
Closer to hug the dreadful links,
Or vainly battle with their terror, —
Yes!

By moral darkness wrapping still
The Occident, from Plymouth's portals
To Prairie-climes, where giant Will
Is blessing, cursing vast immortals, —
Yes!

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

LIFT ye my country's banner high,
And fling abroad its gorgeous sheen ;
Unroll its stripes upon the sky,
And let its lovely stars be seen.

Blood, blood, is on its spangled fold,
Yet from the battle comes it not ;
God ! all the seas thy channels hold,
Can ne'er wash out the guilty spot.

Those glorious stars and stripes, that led
Our lion-hearted fathers on,
Vailed only to the honored dead —
Beaming where fields and fame were won —

Those symbols that to kings could tell
Our young republic's rising fame,
And speak to falling realms the knell
Of glory past, of future shame —

Dishonored shall they be by hands
On which a sacrament doth lie ?
The light that heralded to lands
Immortal glory — must it die ?

No ! let the earthquake-utterance be
From thousand swelling hearts — *not so !*
And let one voice from land and sea,
Return indignant answer — NO !

Up, then! determine, dare and do,
What justice claims, what freemen may;
What Heaven, my country, asks of you,
While yet its muttering thunders stay;

That thou forever from this soil
Bid Slavery's withering blight depart;
And to the wretch restore the spoil, —
Though thou may'st not the broken heart.

That thou *thy brother* from the dust
Lift up, and speak his spirit *free!*
That millions whom thy crime hath curst,
May blessings plead on thine and thee.

Then to the universe wide spread
Thy glorious stars, without a stain;
Bend from your skies, illustrious Dead!
The world ye won is free again.

MOUNT AUBURN

I TROD the walks and velvet green
That carpet Auburn's place of tombs,
And vainly sought — they were not seen —
For burial damps and gathered glooms.
But in their stead the voice of bird
And insects' hum and south wind's breath,
And babbling brook my spirit stirred
To thoughts that tarry not with Death.

'Tis surely sweet to linger thus
In hidden dell and fairy grove,
That seem unconscious of the curse,
That show Earth still has much to love.
Yet as I gaze on chiseled stone
And gorgeous marble, rich and rare,
Admiring Art, I feel alone, —
I deem not that the Dead are there.

It seems not that the early lost
Are shut up in these lovely hills;
That he, on life once rudely tost,
Is calmly resting by these rills.
From scenes enchanting as are these,
Thought winged with pleasure gaily springs,
Yet wrapt in what Time has to please,
It mounts not to eternal things.

I love the taste and pious skill
That decorate this place of rest,
So delicate, so charming — still
I love the village church-yard best.
For as I watch its simple flowers
That bloom without the gardener's care
On graves that lie to sun and showers —
I feel, I feel the Dead are there.

WASHINGTON'S FREEDMEN.

"Seeing some colored men at work, leveling and turfing the ground about the sepulchre, which had the appearance of neglect and decay, I was induced, by the deep interest with which they labored, to inquire whether they were slaves of the family. 'No,' said they, 'we are General Washington's servants; survivors of those whom he set free at his death; and we have come, as volunteers, to improve the grounds near his tomb, as a testimony of our love and gratitude.' The National Monument Society, which proposed, years ago, to build the monument of Washington, by subscriptions from American citizens, confined the privilege of subscribing to *white* citizens; and these freedmen could not be allowed to aid in the work!"

WE garnish the grave of the Chief—
 Good men will not deem it the worse
 That such testimonial of grief
 Is gratefully rendered *by us*;
 For who may restore this sad wreck,
 But the cleansed from Humanity's stain?
 What hands should his sepulchre deck,
 But those that he freed from the chain?
 Toil, brothers!—the ringdove has nest
 In the quiet and cool of this shade;
 To tarry, she knows herself blest,
 Where excellence lowly is laid.
 The small birds have liberty here,
 On this mountain to build as they list;
 And ranges the beautiful deer
 Where its base by Potomac is kissed.
 Prune, brothers! these cedars, that bend
 In negligence over his tomb;
 Teach, brothers! these flowers to lend
 New beauties and richer perfume.

Let us trim the luxuriant grass,
Which carpets the place of his dust,
That pilgrims may pleasantly pass
To the coveted shrine of the FIRST.

These bowers, what thousands have sought!
These windings, what thousands shall throng!
Though ages, what bards will have caught
Here afflatus for glorious song!
Yet this, the exalted of graves,
Above other sepulchres crowned,
Is seen in the precincts of slaves —
In the strong hold of bondage is found!

The rich for his pile will bestow,
Whose glory makes diadems dim;
Yet *we* may not do it, although
Our love flows as warmly for him.
Will he look down from heaven, to smile
On marble that's heaped o'er his grave
By men that would honor him, while
They make of their fellow a slave?

The stones of the quarry would cry
To the rock upon which it was built;
And the JUST, who has noticed the sigh
Of the captive, would visit their guilt.
A monument reared up by such,
His frowning memorial would be
Of righteous displeasure, who much
Desireth the bond to be free.

'T would stand to the nations a mark
Reproaching eternally those
Who prate about Liberty's spark,
And yet to its kindlings are foes.
A terrible record of Truth —
'T would point, as with finger of flame ;
And its characters, blazing *his* worth,
Would light down to ages *their* shame !

But no ! they may chisel the stones,
And for its foundations dig deep,
That centuries may pause where the bones
Of the world's only patriot sleep ;
They may do it — but never shall rise
Such fruit of hypocrisy's toil ;
His monument greets not the skies,
Till slavery is swept from our soil !

The millions for Cecrops that toiled,
And sank on the marshes of Nile,
In their folly, stupendous, were foiled,
Though carved they Eternity's pile.
The millions that rear up this hour,
Our citadel, build not in vain ; —
'T is rising ! and proudly will tower,
When pyramids litter the plain.

Toil, brothers, to garnish the spot
Of Freedom's, of Washington's sleep ;
Where Virtue may ponder, but not
Where Crime may in mockery weep.

The labor we freely bestow,
 To purchase, too poor were a throne ;
 And to him that has left us, we know
 'T is sweet — for 't is Gratitude's own.

THE COPARTNERSHIP RENEWED.

Two partners traded in that busy town —
 The Bay State's glory. Winged with fair renown,
 Their names flew wide. The good old fashioned rule
 Contented them, taught in the Christian school,
 To do to others as they still required
 Others to do to them. Their hearts inspired
 With charity, they gave the liberal gold.
 Their love for Jesus and for souls complete,
 They wanderers won to the Redeemer's fold, —
 Sitting, themselves, like children, at His feet.
 Thus years rolled on, and thus old age drew nigh,
 Without its Winter. Or to live or die
 Was Christ or gain to these of upward wing,
 Whose spirits reveled in perpetual Spring.
 The junior sickened — died — his end was peace.
 Yet can the union of the righteous cease ?
 Scarce four brief moons had filled their silver horn
 Ere saw the senior rays that sweetly dawn
 And break in glory, and on shores of bliss
 He met his partner with an angel's kiss.
 Now, to their myriad gaze who walk in white,
 Shine HOMES & HOMER in excess of light. 1845.

THE SNARE.

Illustrating a Picture.

“WELL, now I have bent this sapling right ;
'T is small and lithe, and I'll soon make tight
This cord, and the noose I'll cunningly fix,
And the rabbit will find I'm up to tricks.
He'll not be the first that's seen my trap, —
The spoils of many are in my cap !
'T is sport — yet something in me stings,
When I think of the gentle, timid things ;
How carelessly I've contrived their death,
As if I'd a right to stop their breath !
I wish I knew a way to take
The varlets alive, for Sally's sake ;
She often begs me to save her one,
To be her pet, and share in her fun.”

Thoughtless, and simple, and happy boy !
A lesson learn from thy rural toy.
Others are busily toiling as thou,
Snares are artfully woven now !
The earth, the air, the smiling sea,
Are full of traps and nets for thee.
Beware of *pleasure* ! — should'st thou sip,
The rose from thy cheek, the dew from thy lip
Would quickly pass, and the cruel dart
Of keen remorse would pierce thy heart.
In vain, in the sight of any bird,
Is the net prepared — *thou'st* seen and heard !
Oh ! look in thy youth to heaven in prayer,
And He that's strong will save from the Snare.

WILLIAM LADD*—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THIS is thy grave. I'd rather sleep
Thus, with a guardian God alone,
Than, helmed by ranks of cowering men,
To occupy Napoleon's throne.

This is thy grave. Such resting-place
Be mine, wet with the earnest tear,—
Rather than heaped with gems and crowns
The monarch-murderer's guilty bier.

This is thy grave. I'd choose the sigh
Which wakens at thy honored name,
Before the shouts that thundered round
The living, lost Napoleon's fame.

This is thy grave. Such funeral step
I'd choose, for me, of honest men,
Before the kingly pomp that bore
The dead Napoleon home again.

This is thy grave. When he's forgot,
Or only named as "Anger's rod,"
Thou'lt live in Virtue's heraldry —
Thy title, "Friend of Man and God."

* The distinguished Advocate of Peace.

STANZAS TO ENGLAND, 1846.

CEASE, proud Britons! cease your boastings,
Dropping like perpetual rain ;
Threats are cheap, and endless railing
Is as foolish as 't is vain.
We alike your wordy terrors
And your pity must refuse ;—
Insolence from haughty nobles,
Wit from Dickens' " Daily News."

That our sires were English blooded
Plainly tells our pilgrim stock ;
That they owned the Saxon spirit
You may read on Bunker's rock.
That we speak with British accent, —
That our thoughts like Briton's flow, —
Ask, if we will yield to threatening ?
Eighteen millions answer, NO!

Yet we're peaceful ; — while the tumults
Of old Europe hurry on,
Our young Nation sits contented
With the boon her founders won.
And she's happy ; — Victory's laurels
With the olive-blossoms meet,
Art and Commerce, Thrift and Labor,
Pour their riches at her feet.

We the sweets of Peace have tasted ;
Our Republic's breadth and length
Know what influence has cemented
Her in power and wealth and strength.
Shall we squander real enjoyment
For the misery War has won?
Shall we barter wide-spread Plenty
For the barren Oregon ?

Why should we the thousand channels
Force aside that fill our cup?
Why on Conflict's horrid altar
Burn our dearest treasures up?
We have nought to win by quarrel,
Much to lose ; — defeat's a curse ;
If we crush your fleets and armies
What will be the gain to us ?

Not by conquests can a people
Their position elevate ;
Perish the unworthy notion !
Perish rivalry and hate !
Perish brutal War forever !
Dovelike Peace, throughout the world
Fly with healing wings, wherever
Once the cloud of battle curled !

While we smile at crown and sceptre,
To which peers and princes kneel,
Men of England ! we true pity
For your weeping millions feel.

Would we deeper crush the guiltless
Whom the iron foot hath trod?
Would we lacerate and trample
Bleeding hearts? — forbid it, God!

We would meet you as invaders!
Give you cheer instead of scorn!
Fight and vanquish Ireland's famine
With our potent wheat and corn!
Such a victory do we covet
As would bless your queenly isle,
And from John O'Groat's to Land's End
Light up England with a smile.

Wait a little; study patience;
Let not every idle note
Carried over the Atlantic
Seem a roar from Battle's throat.
They who fume and fret are madmen;
Even now their ravings cease;
Patience! till our thoughtful Senate
In its wisdom utters PEACE.

I WALKED IN PORTSMOUTH.

I WALKED in Portsmouth; 't was the place
Of boyhood, and though changed its face,
Though to the grave had journeyed down
The fathers of that ancient town;

Though of its thousands very few
Returned my greeting, whom I knew,
And I was stranger to the door,
That sheltered once my only store ;

Yet was it pleasant, and 't was sad ;
I sorrowed straight, and straight was glad ;
For those, who long had ceased to be
On earth, came back and walked with me.

They looked the same ; and yet they seemed
More spiritual — as I have dreamed
Angels may seem ; and in their eyes
Was something of the starry skies.

They smiled on me ; but sadly smiled ;
As pitying the imprisoned child
Yet doomed for heavy days to groan,
In folly's desert left alone.

I knew them ! — one of matron grace ;
One had sweet girlhood in her face ;
Heirs of perennial beauty, they
Gained when earth's beauty passed away.

And one was there of reverend mien,
Our pastor, when with mortals seen ;
Another — my dull heart waxed warm,
I strove to clasp my father's form.

I strove to ask him, why these years
He 'd left me to my weary tears ;
“ O father, I 've had need of thee,
I 've missed a hand to strengthen me.”

Wings sparkled — they were gone — the air
Grew redolent ; 't was fragrance there.
The gales of Beulah sighed along,
And breathed aroma in their song.

I may not say what string was swept ;
'T was tenderness, 't was love — I wept
To join them. O my soul, how blest
To fly away and be at rest !

The memory of the righteous lives ;
Their name perpetual odor gives ;
They 're here — and heaven about is spread,
When with us are the precious Dead.

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.²

I THOUGHT not of the inspiration lent
To cunning hand and head, the toil achieving ;
The pious heart, its mission well believing,
O'er which, for years, the Solitary bent,
That mission to fulfil his one intent ;
Nor of the skill, nor impudent unpriced
Triumphant boldness, thus to chisel Christ !
Looking — my troubled, weeping soul outwent
To seek her Lord ; and from the Jewish hill
Upspringing to the right hand of the throne,
Saw where that drooping Head with stars was crowned ;
Saw where that mocked One in His glory shone ;
And, gazing up in those dear eyes, she found
Unutterable love ! — solemn her joy, and still.

OPIUM SHIPS FOR CHINA.

Ay, flap your wings, ill-omened birds,
 Impatient for your prey ;
Infest in swarms the Chinese seas,
 For who shall utter " Nay !"
Watch for the moment to inflict
Foul wrong, in spite of interdict.

What though your fearful errand 's fraught
 With death, death which is *hell* —
And by the traffic Mercy bleeds,
 Flock on, for all is well ;
The end shall justify the means —
Your trade is nursed by kings and queens.

Through all her unoffending realm
 The ripened plague-spot bear,
Till China is one lazar-house
 Of misery and despair.
Let Avarice urge your flowing sails,
Let Selfishness bestow the gales.

The Upas flings its poison forth, —
 In this resembling ye ;
And woe to bird or beast or man,
 That sees the fatal tree.
The Upas to one spot 's confined,
Ye carry death on every wind.

And laugh, ye men, as their vile chain
Your idiot victims hug ;
And mock, as they suck endless pain
From your forbidden drug.
What's law to him who wins the goal ?
Compared to money, what's the soul ?

Ye may, ye may, for Christians choose
That deed to fill the purse,
Which "scoundrel pagans" would refuse
With scorn to do to us.
Yet pause, beware, and fear the rod, —
Though conscience sleeps, there wakes a God !
1839.

FOR MOBILE.

After the great Fire of 1839.

BOSTON! that sittest in thy pride,
A very queen —
Whose arms to the afflicted, wide
Open are seen —
Who never, on thy noble throne,
By Commerce built,
Didst close thy ears to Misery's moan,
And never wilt ; —
Where art thou, while the dreadful cries
Of houseless hundreds ring ?
Where art thou, while the bitter sighs
The Southern breezes bring,

Of those who draw the panting breath,
Whose home, the flames
Have swept away, whose bodies, Death
Eagerly claims?

Hast thou not heard that yonder Mart,
Whose thousand ships
Find mighty Trade's remotest heart,
Wherever dips
The needle, hath the element
Laid waste?

That Death hath noonday arrows spent,
With fearful haste,
Among her proudest, loveliest? —
On his pale steed
How sat the rider! Now do rest
Where worms shall feed,
Her children, on whom yester's sun
Did gaily shine —
To pleasure, love, and life's joys won,
Freely as thine!

Think! — they are of thy flesh and bone,
Blood of thy blood;
They kneel with thee at Freedom's throne,
They worship God;
Thy wandering sons and daughters they,
With generous heat
For their loved mother in the North, away,
Their pulses beat;
And *never* would *their* hearts be lapped
In selfish ease,
Did Fire *thy* fair possessions wrap,
Thy sons, Disease.

By dear humanity's sweet claim,
By pity's gem —
By pride, ambition, yes, by shame,
Look thou to them !

A THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND HOURS.

A young man in Cambridge lately undertook, for a wager, to walk one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours, and accomplished the feat.

HE chose the spot, the ground surveyed,
And carefully the place
Examined, where he might with Time
Contend in equal race.

He trained his body to the task ;
To this his mind he schooled :
For one absorbing object, he
All other objects ruled.

Sense, will, affection, end and aim,
On this alone were fixed ;
With this great purpose of the heart
Was every purpose mixed.

He cast aside each clogging weight —
Was odds with cumbering care ;
Encouraged hope, and looked on fear
Of failure as a snare.

Behold him on his cheerful way !
Like needle to the pole
He steadily pursues the path
That points the hourly goal.

Onward! nor yet to the right hand,
Nor to the left he turns ;
Allurement, to mislead his step,
Or hinder him, he spurns.

Your way is barren — leave the track ;
The field-flowers to you cry ;
O no, for if I stray for flowers,
A losing man am I.

Your travel thirst induces ; lo,
The sparkling, ruby bowl!
I touch not, else to loss of race
I add the loss of soul.

The sun rides high ; 't is noontide heat —
No more the shadows stalk ;
O, rest thee — nay, my hour is come,
And I, perforce, must walk.

The storm is up! yon ebon cloud
Is edged with fiery light ;
The thunder speaks — stay! no, I walk
In angry tempest's spite.

Now, while the worn-out world is wrapt
In dreams, thou'lt surely sleep ;
The veriest slave enjoys it — no !
I, walking, vigils keep.

Yet slumber shall beguile thee, man,
When midnight hath thee crossed ;
No ! for I hear the midnight cry :
“ Wake ! wake ! or all is lost ! ”

Thus goes he on the beaten way,
Like needle to the pole ;
And steadily pursues the path
That points the hourly goal.

A thousand miles a thousand hours
Must witness duly past ;
O, wearily the index moves ;
It touches “ twelve ” at last.

And this, to compass treasures ? — no ;
A fraction of the dross
Only rewards his patient toil,
That might have won but loss.

A paltry silver bribe hath power,
Will, love and sense to bind,
And, to indomitable pains,
Task, mightily, a Mind.

Was *such* his fading prize, for which
He obstacles put down ?
My soul ! what hast *thou* done for thine
Imperishable crown ?

MARY ELLEN.

Dr. Parker and his wife, missionaries to China, sailed from Boston, June 13, 1842, for Canton, in the ship Mary Ellen. They received a free passage from the owners. Religious services were performed on board, in presence of a large number of friends, who had collected to bid them farewell.

I PRAISE not one of woman's mould,
Though faultless she may be, —
She's feminine, and yet a bold
Sojourner of the sea ;
She holds within her graceful arms
Those who depart to pray ;
And, every step revealing charms,
Goes on her quiet way.

For China! — takes she men to dip
Their hands in brother's blood ?
O no! this is the Mission Ship,
And these are sent of God.
And pleasant is it to believe
That shores by monsoons kissed,
And pressed by pagans, shall receive
The good Evangelist.

I hear the hymn, I join the prayer,
And watch the snowy wings
Which Mary Ellen to the air,
Like some swift angel flings.
Hush, now! for here's the silent grasp,
Such as men give at death ;
And here's affection's straining clasp,
When mingling parting breath.

How beautifully she behaves!
She tosses off the spray
As coyly as the bird that laves
Its plumage in the bay.
Gaze ye! for starry eyes look down
From battlements of bliss;
And saints forget their harp and crown
To look on sight like this.

They see, too, ships, all bristling o'er
With implements of strife,
That seek the Asiatic shore
In quest of human life.
They look on her, who from her isle
Commands the lawless deep;
If such in scorn can smile, they smile,
If such can weep, they weep.

Is't well, Britannia! war to wage
On unoffending men,
And loose, in its ungoverned rage,
Your Lion from his den?
Is't godlike to promulge decree
At kingly Leadenhall,
And pagan pride subdue to ye
By bayonet and ball?

Is't well, a realm so poor, so great,
Whose millions beg their bread —
For power should crush a foreign state?
For plunder, blood should shed?
A *Christian* nation, too, whose feet
Have proud cathedrals trod; —

Your pious prayers and hymns, how sweet
Their incense unto God!

Ambition whispers in your ear,
And Mammon lures you on ;
Your path is hell, — an angel's tear
Blasts every laurel won.
Yet go! — a heartless queen and court
By selfishness must rule,
Till terribly is lesson taught
In Retribution's school.

O, when in blood you 've washed away
Her *insult* to your throne,
And China, humbled to your sway,
No more with realms is known —
In your old temples chant "Amen!"
To loud Te Deum staves ; —
You've made a continent of men
A hemisphere of slaves.*

Sail on! sail on! O, Mission Bark!
The church is still at sea ;
Winds roar, waves tumble, skies are dark,
And strong the tempests be.
Yet winds and waves are in God's fists,
And at His sovereign will,
He chides all tumults as he lists,
And storms and states are still.

* " We have succeeded in enforcing upon China that immoral trade, for the love of which we have sacrificed so much credit. The opium traffic, we are told, under the protection of British guns, goes on most swimmingly." — *London Times*.

On, lovely Mary Ellen! — fling
Your ribands to the gale, —
He, who from evil good can bring,
Is with you as you sail.
Seek ocean's depths, and ride the brink
Of billows, as you may, —
For kings shall reign, and thrones shall sink,
As rage they, or obey.

GOD BLESS THE PURITAN!

God bless the Puritan!
New England, as one man,
Its parent stock
Blesses, and aye will bless
The exile of distress —
Of wave and wilderness —
Of Plymouth Rock.

God bless the Puritan!
Whom king and bishop's ban
Drove to this shore;
Whose prayers for Heaven's grace
Rose in the tempest's face,
Whose praises swelled the bass
Of ocean's roar.

He, when old despots swayed
Sceptre in Britain, laid
There, broad and deep,

Foundation, on which stands
The bulwark of all lands,
The LIBERTY, thy hands,
Creator! keep.

He, in this western clime,
Example to all time
Gave, of true law ;
Confirmed by Nature's light,
Fixed by Man's equal right,
And, to keen Europe's sight,
Without a flaw.

The Puritan is dead !
His venerable head
Pillows below.
His grave is with us seen,
'Neath Summer's gorgeous green,
And Autumn's golden sheen,
And Winter's snow.

His monument, these homes,
These city spires and domes,
These hamlets are ;
Science and teeming Art,
And being's better part,
The happy human heart —
His deeds declare.

We are his children ! *we*
Sprang from that glorious tree,
Whose healthful root

The frosts and heats defied, —
Whose trunk towers up in pride,
Whose branch shoots far and wide, —
 We are the fruit.

Better than mines of gold,
The legacy of old,
 Which he has given.
The birthright of the Free
To children's children, we
Bequeath, so may they be
 Favorites of Heaven!

Who to himself takes shame,
Scorning that stern old name,
 Let him depart!
Name, monarchs may not bear,
Name, nobles may not share,
Exultingly we wear,
 Linked to the heart.

God bless the Puritan!
Shall not the world of man
 Echo the cry?
Yes, and his name shall spread,
While Truth, he from the dead
Exalted, lifts its head,
 NEVER TO DIE!

ALL'S WELL.

Sung at the Anniversary of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, in
Park Street Church; May 31, 1843.

“ALL'S Well!” the gangway sentry cries ;
Her course she nobly keeps,
And through the scud the good Ship flies,
The beauty of the Deeps.
He knows not that Remorse is loud,
As silent midnight wanes ;
And one poor wakeful wretch is bowed
By anguish in the chains.

“All's Well!” — to mock that cheerful cry,
Comes wailing on the wind
A groan, a sob, a stifled sigh,
That speak a troubled mind.
He knows not that of all, 'midships,
The boldest at the gun,
A tar is struck, and quivering lips
Proclaim a soul undone.

“All's Well! All's Well!” the sentry sings,
The good Ship, trim and tight,
In snowy flakes the foam-wreath flings
Along her path of light.
He knows not that the brighter ray
Of Love that never wanes,
Has chased his night of sin away,
Who knelt amid the chains!

MY MOTHER.

THIS BOOK, my Mother! was designed for thee;—
 Of fair exterior; type, distinct and free;
 That, gratefully, thine aged eyes might dwell
 On themes that pleased thy absent child so well.
 Time, in his flight, beholds my labor done,
 And *thine*, too, ended — thy glad rest begun.
 Another Volume is to thee unrolled;
 By Angel hands is oped the page of gold
 Whose characters are stars of living light,
 Which thou wilt read with ever new delight;
 For never tires the Poetry above,
 Whose theme, exhaustless, is Exhaustless Love.
I've lost a want when asking at the throne;
 Blest are the wants that daily God supplies
 When from the heart petitions daily rise! —
 In all my suit thy constant name was known,
 With some fond thought, that virtue, pure as thine,
 Had power with Him for follies great as mine;
 If wrong, forgive me, Heaven! — *I've lost thy prayers*;
 In all my joys and ever present cares
 The dear belief still gave my heart repose
 That for its peace thy supplications rose.
 Such prayers are treasures of a Mother's love,
 Enjoyed on earth, yet safely stored above;
 And, like her influence, silent, deep and wide,
 Still flowing onward in perpetual tide.
 To such rich streams are not the children heirs,
 When parents pass to where the Fountain flows?
 From such bequest, laid up for me in Heaven,
 Shall not, oh Mother, yet supplies be given!

NOTES.

NOTE 1. "*There is an hour of peaceful rest.*" Page 1.

THIS hymn was written by me, in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1818, for the Franklin Gazette, edited by Richard Bache, Esq., and was introduced by him to the public in terms sufficiently flattering to a young man who then certainly lacked confidence in himself. The piece was republished in England and on the continent, in various newspapers and magazines, and was also extensively circulated in my own native land, where it has found a place in several Hymn and Music Books. It was published in my first volume of Poems, at Philadelphia, in 1819, and soon after, was set to music by A. P. Heinrich, Esq., in the same city. I have said this much, because the hymn has been claimed by several writers in both hemispheres; and has appeared with various names and signatures affixed.

NOTE 2. "*The Ivory Crucifix.*" Page 317.

REFERRING to a remarkable statue of CHRIST ON THE CROSS, carved from an immense block of ivory, by a Genoese Monk, in the convent of St. Nicholas. This is regarded as one of the most perfect specimens of sculpture in the world, and conveys to the mind such an idea of the Saviour as every one would wish to receive and cherish. Aside from its intrinsic merit, as a work of art, this statue is a wonderful evidence of genius impelled by religious enthusiasm. It is known to be the first effort of the Artist Monk, who considered himself divinely inspired to execute his undertaking. This superstition is of course rejected; but the statue itself, with the circumstances of its history, may be considered as one of the most singular combinations ever wrought by mere human agency.



Eriny loquax -

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unpublished
list

Mr. Shepley Coll.
167 into area
Bl. + Hy. plants
May 1900

